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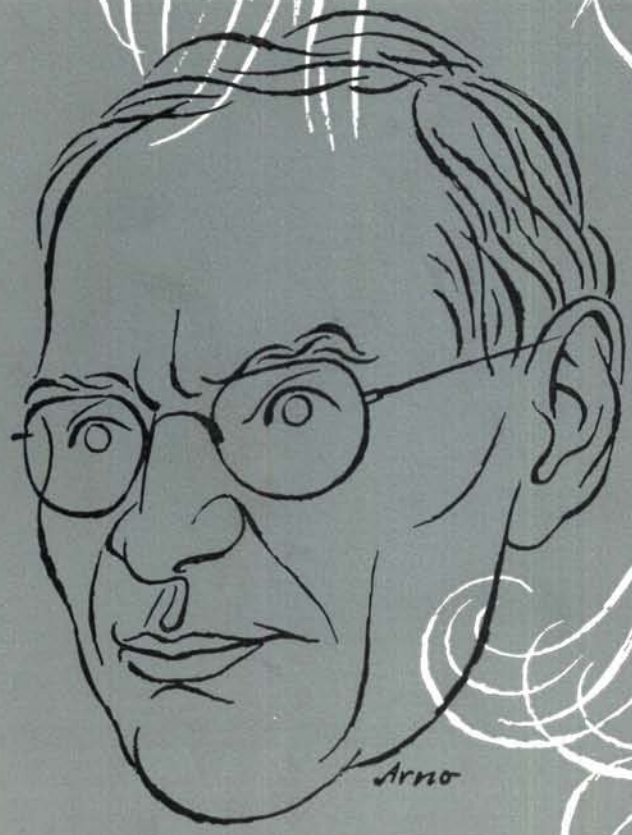
Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

VENTY CENTS DECEMBER 15, 1951

"ISMS" & THE UNIVERSITY

Two Reviews of "God and Man at Yale" *(page 18)*



Merlo J. Pusey, author of "Charles Evans Hughes." *(See page 15)*

What's Holding Back American Art?

By THOMAS HART BENTON

With a Reply by James Thrall Soby

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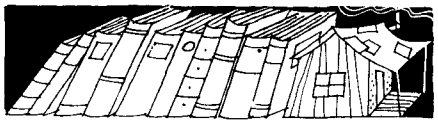
TRADE Winds

GEORGIA PEACHES

A KEY FIGURE IN THE WHOLESALE production of able young writers south of the Mason-Dixon Line is John E. Drewry, dean of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia and chairman of the Peabody Award Committee, which annually hands out radio's most coveted prizes. The popular dean, known on the campus as "Father John," not only teaches his students the finer points of English, but is their first port of call when they take sick, fall in love, or run into debt. Sufficiently pressed, he's even been known to double as a baby-sitter for them. One senior sold an article to a national magazine for a thousand dollars but brought the final draft over to Dean Drewry before putting it in the mail. "I'd feel better," he admitted, "if you'd just run your vocabulary over this a bit. I'm not too sure about that editor in New York."

NOT FAR FROM THE University of Georgia campus stands the only tree in the world that owns itself. Early in the eighteen hundreds, one Colonel William Jackson, who owned the land on which this tree stands, stipulated in his will, "For and in consideration of the great love I bear this tree and the desire I have for its protection for all time, I convey to it entire possession of itself and all land within eight feet thereof on all sides." The original tree succumbed to old age and a heavy storm some years ago, but in its place thrives one of its offspring. For all I know a particularly perspicacious student may be reading a copy of *SRL* under its spreading branches at this very moment.

NOVELIST ERSKINE CALDWELL was born in Coweta County, Georgia, but in light of the manner in which he described fellow townsmen in "Tobacco Road" and subsequent efforts I'm not sure they'd care to welcome him back. Other Georgians of literary fame are Margaret Mitchell, of course, whose "Gone with the Wind" has grossed over thirty million dollars to date in motion picture form; Carson McCullers; Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus; Frank Stanton, who wrote "Mighty Lak a Rose"; Ward



Greene, head of King Features and author of the unforgettable "Cora Potts" and "Death in the Deep South" (why doesn't some smart quarter-book publisher latch on to these sure winners?); and Nunnally Johnson, a leading writer, producer—and wit—in Hollywood for nigh on to twenty years. The municipality of Marietta, Ga., alone boasts four oddly diversified celebrities who lived a stone's throw from one another in their youths: General Lucius Clay, columnist Danton Walker, radio tycoon Nils Trammell, and that winsome little starlet of the Kefauver hearings, Virginia Hill.

GEORGIA'S CONTRIBUTIONS to the theatre include Missy Miriam Hopkins, critic Ward Morehouse, and playwright Laurence Stallings, although none of these luminaries came to the mind of a contestant in an Atlanta radio quiz when she was asked to name the most important Georgian in the world of drama today. *Her* unhesitating choice was Anne Nichols, author of that unforgettable picture of the flower of the Old South, "Abie's Irish Rose." This is the play that probably shortened Robert Benchley's life by five years and occasioned the lines in Rodgers and Hart's song "Manhattan":

Our future babies
We'll take to "Abie's
Irish Rose";
We hope they live to see it close.

After the show had been running for about three years on Broadway Miss Nichols began cutting costs by substituting unknown players, friends, and relations of friends for better known and higher-paid members of the cast. It was this practice that caused an irate member of the audience to come charging up to the box-office treasurer at the end of the first act one night and declare angrily, "If

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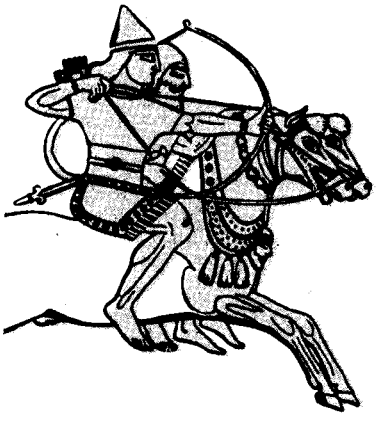
GODS, GRAVES, & SCHOLARS

by C. W. CERAM



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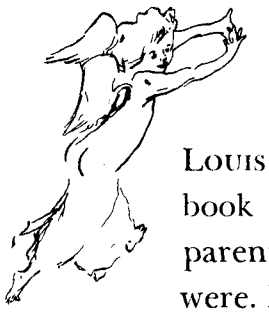

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you folks are going to keep changing the cast of this here play, confound it, I'm going to stop coming!"

NUNNALLY JOHNSON, usually imperturbable and soft-spoken, got considerably wrought up one time when I asked what there was about working on a sports page that made men learn to write so well. I cited as examples (without attempting to assess their points of view) Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, John Kieran, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico, Quentin Reynolds, and Bob Considine. Expostulated Nunnally: "How long is this dreary legend going to last that newspaper sports departments squirt out good writers like food shot from a gun? You yourself cite seven authors (more or less the same names I've been listening to since puberty), and you had to span thirty years of Chicago as well as New York to dredge up that many. Is that really what you call

a bumper crop? In thirty years there must have been literally thousands of guys spreading themselves on the sports pages of those two cities with the freest and greatest of writing opportunities in journalism, with more space and less editorial constriction than any city-room reporter ever dreamed of, and out of all that thundering herd of word painters the best you can do is dredge up seven names.

Against that, just think of the acres of bad writing, of grammar-school humor, foolish styles, threadbare phrases, spurious enthusiasm and heavy-footed comedy, the nauseating sentimentality and agonized slang—above all, the breeziness, breeziness, breeziness!—that passes for good sports writing in most papers! Why, even the movie-gossip writers shake their heads sadly over the sports-page jollities.

"If you meant, though, that in comparison with the record of real-estate page graduates or old obit editors the sports boys' accomplishments are impressive, that's another thing. That's not an unfair match. But let's not think of them in the same breath with the man in the city room.

"Out of one city room of one newspaper in New York came George S. Kaufman, J. P. Marquand, Stanley Walker, Herbert Asbury, Joel Sayre, John O'Hara, Alva Johnston, St. Clair McKelway, and Deems Taylor, to give you a short list, and there must be a half dozen other papers in New York

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and Chicago any one of which could show a more distinguished body of alumni than all the sports departments in the land. The truth of the matter is that the sports boys ought to be ashamed of themselves. Sooner or later they are simply going to have to face the fact that Ring Lardner's great gifts were not hereditary. Some of them are going to have to get out and hustle pretty soon or the whole craft is going to be headed over the hill to the literary poorhouse."

If any sports writers feel an urge to speak up for their craft, or other readers care to comment on Mr. Johnson's views, TRADE WINDS invites their correspondence.

GETTING BACK TO "GO'GIA," a recent Atlanta conclave of all-time greats of American sports included two Georgia immortals: Bobby Jones, the golfer who scored a "grand slam" by winning all four major tourneys in a single year (the American Amateur and Open, and the British Amateur and Open), and Tyrus Raymond Cobb, who dominated big-league baseball for twenty-four years. Someone recalled the spring a "Cracker" from upstate Georgia tried to make the Detroit team and naturally came to Ty for counsel. "I guess what keeps me tired all the time," surmised the recruit, "is this being a horse's aide." "Whaddya mean, a horse's aide?" asked Ty. "Wal," drawled the lad, "I git up every morning at four and fetch water and feed for the horses. Then I curry them and give 'em a morning walkout. Then I

clean out the stables all afternoon. After giving them supper I play phonograph records to keep them feeling happy-like and do other little chores till the owner lets me go home nights about eleven." "Son," said Ty, "I've got news for you. A horse's *aide* you're not!" —BENNETT CERF.

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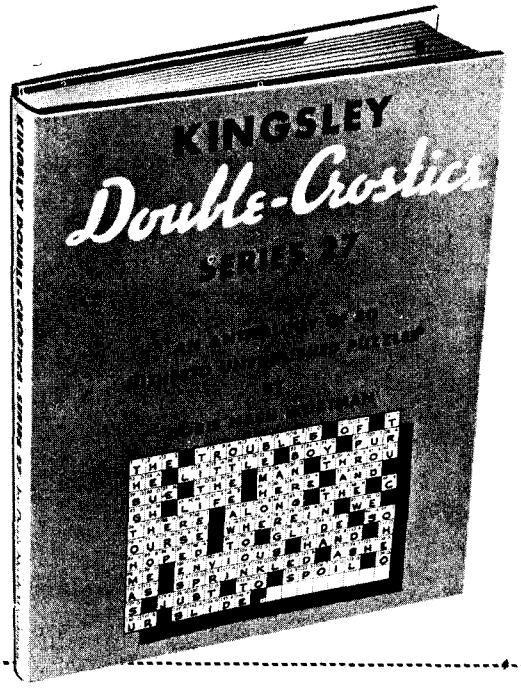

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What's Holding Back American Art?

THOMAS HART BENTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the most distinctive characteristics of American art during the decade of the Thirties was the vogue of "Regionalism"—the expression of the idea that our painters should concern themselves with indigenous American subjects and esthetic standards. Of the three chief exponents of Regionalism, Grant Wood, John Steuart Curry, and Thomas Hart Benton, only Benton still lives. Just last month an exhibition of Mr. Benton's latest work—attesting to his belief that a genuine American school of painting can grow only around art that tells a story of American life—was opened at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Neb.*

In the accompanying essay Mr. Benton expresses his views, while in another article beginning on page 11 James Thrall Soby, conductor of SRL*'s monthly column on the fine arts, comments critically on them. Mr. Benton's essay is drawn from "An Artist in America," his autobiography to be published later this month by the University of Kansas City Press-Twayne Publishers.*

JOHN STEUART CURRY and Grant Wood will always claim a special place in my memories. Both rose along with me to public attention in the Thirties. Both were very much a part of what I stood for and made it possible for me in my lectures and interviews to promote the idea that an indigenous art with its own esthetics was a growing reality in America. Without them, I would have had only personal grounds to stand on for my pronouncements.

We were, the three of us, pretty well along before we ever became acquainted or were linked under the now famous name of Regionalism. We were different in our temperaments and many of our ideas, but we were alike in that we were all in revolt against the unhappy effects which the Armory show of 1913 had had on American painting. We objected to the new Parisian esthetics which was more and more turning art away from the living world of active men and women into an academic world of empty pattern. We wanted an American art which was not empty, and we believed that only by turning the formative processes of art back again to meaningful subject matter—in our cases specifically American subject matter—could we expect to get one.

The term Regionalism was, so to speak, wished upon us. Borrowed from a group of Southern writers who were interested in their regional cultures, it was applied to us somewhat loosely, but with a fair degree of appropriateness. However, our interests were wider than the term suggests. Those interests had their roots in that general and country-wide revival of Americanism which followed the defeat of Woodrow Wilson's universal idealism at the end of the First World War and which developed through the subsequent periods of boom and depression until the new internationalisms of the Second World War pushed it aside. After the break of 1929 a new and effective liberalism grew over the country, and the battles between that liberalism and the entrenched money groups, which had inherited our post-Civil War sociology and were in defense of it, brought out a new and vigorous discussion of the intended nature of our society. This discussion and the political battles over its findings, plus a new flood of historical writing, concentrated the Thirties on our American image.

IT WAS this country-wide concentration, more probably than any of our artistic efforts, which raised Wood, Curry, and me to prominence in the national scene. We symbolized esthetically what the majority of Americans had in mind—America itself. Our success was a popular success. Even where some American citizens did not agree with the nature of our images, instanced in the objections to my state-sponsored murals in Indiana and Missouri, they understood them. What ideological battles we had were in American terms and were generally comprehensible to Americans as a whole. This was exactly what we wanted. The fact that our art was arguable in the language of the street, whether or not it was liked, was proof to us that we had succeeded in sepa-

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rating it from the hothouse atmospheres of an imported and, for our country, functionless esthetics. With that proof we felt that we were on the way to releasing American art from its subservience to borrowed forms. In the heyday of our success we really believed we had at last succeeded in making a dent in American esthetic colonialism.

However, as later occurrences have shown, we were well off the beam on that score. As soon as World War II began substituting in the public mind a world concern for the specifically American concerns which had prevailed during our rise, Wood, Curry, and I found the bottom knocked out from under us. In a day when the problems of America were mainly exterior, our interior images lost public significance. Losing that, they lost the only thing which could sustain them, because the critical world of art had, by and large, as little use for our group front as it had for me as an individual.

The coteries of high-brows, of critics, college art professors, and museum boys, the tastes of which had been thoroughly conditioned by the new esthetics of twentieth-century Paris, had sustained themselves in various subsidized ivory towers and kept their grip on the journals of esthetic opinion all during the Americanist period. These coteries, highly verbal but not always notably intelligent or able to see through momentarily fashionable thought patterns, could never accommodate our popularist leanings. They had, as a matter of fact, a vested interest in esthetic obscurity, in highfalutin' symbolisms, and devious and indistinct meanings. The entertainment of these obscurities, giving it an appearance of superior discernment and extraordinary understanding, enabled it to milk the wealthy ladies who went in for art and the college and museum trustees of the country for the means of support. Immediately after it was recognized that Wood, Curry, and I were bringing American art out into a field where its meanings had to be socially intelligible to justify themselves and where esthetic accomplishment would depend on an effective representation of cultural ideas, which were themselves generally comprehensible, the ivory tower boys and girls saw the danger to their presumptions and their protected positions. They rose with their supporting groups of artists and high-browish disciples to destroy our menace.

As I have related I profited greatly by their fulminations and so, for a while, did Wood and Curry. However, in the end they succeeded in destroying our Regionalism and in returning American art to that desired position of obscurity and popular incomprehensibility which enabled them to remain its chief prophets. The Museum of Modern Art (the Rockefeller-supported institution in New York) and other similar culturally rootless artistic centers, run often by the most neurotic of ladies, came rapidly, as we moved through the war years, to positions of predominant influence over the artistic life of our country.

As the attitudes of these cultist groups were grounded on esthetic events which had occurred or were occurring in cultures overseas their ultimate effect was to return American art to the imitative status from which Wood, Curry, and I had tried to extricate it. The younger artists of America were left, in this situation, only with an extenuating function. The sense of this humiliating state of affairs led many of them, and notably some of the most talented of my old students, to a denial of all formal values, and they began pouring paint out of cans and buckets just to see what would happen or tying pieces of wire to sticks and smacking them around in the air in the name of a new mobility. This American contribution to "modern" esthetics, though it suggests the butler trying to outdo his master's manners, received wide applause in our cultist circles, and it went out from there to the young ladies' colleges and to the small-town art schools and into the minds of all those thousands of amateurs over the land who took themselves to be artists. These latter saw immediately the wonderful opportunities for their own ego advancement this "free expression" afforded, and they embraced it enthusiastically.

Now all this anarchic idiocy of the current American art scene cannot be blamed solely on the importation of foreign ideas about art or on the existence in our midst of institutions which represent them. It is rather that our artists have not known how to deal with these. In other fields than art foreign ideas have many times vastly benefited our culture. In fact, few American ideas are wholly indigenous, nor in fact are those of any other country, certainly not in our modern world. But most of the imported ideas which have proved of use to us were able to become so by intellectual assimilation. They were thoughts which could be thought of. The difficulty in the case of esthetic ideas is that intellectual assimilation is not enough—for effective production. Effective esthetic production depends on something beyond thought. The intellectual aspects of art are not art, nor does a comprehension of them enable art to be made. It is, in fact, the over-intellectualization of modern art and its separation from ordinary life intuitions which have permitted it, in this day of almost wholly collective action, to remain psychologically tied to the "public be damned" individualism of the last century and thus in spite of its novelties to represent a cultural lag.

ART has been treated by most American practitioners as if it were a form of science, where like processes give like results all over the world. By learning to carry on the processes by which imported goods were made the American artist assumed that he would be able to end with their expressive values. This is not perhaps wholly his fault, because a large proportion of the contemporary imports he studied were themselves laboratory products, studio experiments in process, with pseudo-scientific motivations which suggested that art was, like science, primarily a process evolution. This put inventive method rather than a search for the human meaning of one's life at the center of artistic endeavor and made it appear that esthetic creation was a matter for intellectual rather than intuitive insight. Actually this was only illusory, and art's modern flight from representation to technical invention has only left it empty and stranded in the back waters of life. Without those old cultural ties which used to make the art of each country so expressive of national and regional character, it has lost not only its social purpose but its very techniques for expression.

It was against the general cultural inconsequence of modern art and the attempt to create by intellectual as-

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similation that Wood, Curry, and I revolted in the early Twenties and turned ourselves to a reconsideration of artistic aims. We did not do this by agreement. We came to our conclusions separately, but we ended with similar convictions that we must find our esthetic values, not in thinking, but in penetrating to the meaning and forms of life as lived. For us this meant, as I have indicated, American life, and American life as known and felt by ordinary Americans. We believed that only by our own participation in the reality of American life —and that very definitely included the folk patterns which sparked it and largely directed its assumptions—could we come to forms in which Americans could find an opportunity for genuine spectator participation. This latter, which we were by the example of history led to believe was a corollary and, in fact, a proof of real artistic vitality in a civilization, gave us that public-minded orientation that so offended those who lived above—and believed that art should live above—"vulgar" contacts. The philosophy of our popularism was rarely considered by our critics. It was much easier, especially after international problems took popular press support away from us, to dub us conventional chauvinists, Fascists, isolationists, or just ignorant provincials, and dismiss us.

When we were left to the mercies of the art journals, the professors, and the museum boys, we began immediately to lose influence among the newly budding artists and the young students. The band wagon practitioners—and most artists unhappily are such—left our regionalist banner like rats from a sinking ship and allied

(*Continued on page* 38)

A Reply to Mr. Benton

JAMES THRALL SOBY

James Thrall Soby

THOMAS HART BENTON frankly concedes the collapse of the Regionalist movement in American art. There was nothing else he could do. One hears the same story from jurors on exhibitions of contemporary art all over the country: there is no longer anywhere a vigorous, identifiable painting of region; the younger artists of, say, Illinois, Missouri, or Idaho for the most part follow the same directions as their colleagues in New York —abstraction, abstract expressionism, and so on. Primarily, I suppose, this fact can be attributed to the frequent publication of advanced art by magazines with huge circulations and to the popularity in art schools everywhere of progressive instruction. It is not necessarily an encouraging fact. If all painting and sculpture in this vast country comes to look more or less alike we are in danger of losing local character. And local character, though by no means a requisite of major art, is at least a lively asset of minor. Perhaps we should reconsider the problem of Regionalism in the light of earlier and, especially, of recent experience.

To begin with, it must be said that there is nothing wrong with Regionalism in so far as it implies merely a fervent devotion to particular locale. The artists of our Hudson River School, for example, were dedicated Regionalists; the prose of their leader, Thomas Cole, is eloquent testimony to their belief that the Catskills were unrivaled in natural grandeur and in religious and philosophical implication. Gradually the focus of enthusiasm shifted westward. George Caleb Bingham's Missourian pictures remain among the most impressive in nineteenth-century American art; the Far West supplied a central motif for Bierstadt and numerous other artists. Finally—to name only one more high spot in a complex art-historical evolution—the painters of our so-called "Ash Can" school shortly after the turn of the century found inspiration in the byways of a metropolis—New York.

All these artists had a program that was positive rather than negative. To paraphrase Mr. Berlin's song, they painted what came naturally, depicting scenery which they loved and understood. They were not much concerned with alternate possibilities, whether native or foreign. And here, I think, we come on a basic weakness of the Regionalist movement of the 1930's, spearheaded by Benton, Wood, and Curry, rationalized in terms of defensive vituperation by a skilled journalist, Thomas Craven.

These men—especially Benton and Craven—were not content to assert the virtues of their own aims and beliefs. Their pronouncements consisted in great part of violent attacks on "modern" art, particularly in its Parisian or Paris-inspired varieties. Their onslaughts, of which Mr. Benton's article constitutes a fairly complete battle-plan, included frequent references to a mysterious conspiracy working in support of progressive painting and sculpture. The villains of the cabal, to quote Mr. Benton, were "high-brows, . . . critics, college art professors, and museum boys, the tastes of which had been thoroughly conditioned by the new esthetics of twentieth-century Paris. . . ." Toward museums and their personnel the Regionalists were exceptionally bitter. "The Museum of Modern Art . . ." writes Mr. Benton, "and other similar culturally rootless artistic centers, run often by the most neurotic of ladies, came rapidly, as we moved through the war years, to positions of predominant influence over the artistic life of our country."

THERE and in the preceding quotation we have the full range of the Regionalists' Philistine abuse of professionals in the art field. Museum curators if male are homosexual—the clear inference of Mr. Benton's persistent use of the word "boys"; if female they are "most neurotic." That there have been a few homosexuals on the staffs of American museums no one can fairly deny. But they have been and are vastly outnumbered by normal men. Indeed, I can't think of a single major art museum in this country whose director's sex life is open to Mr. Benton's innuendo. As to the charge that neurotic ladies run our institu-

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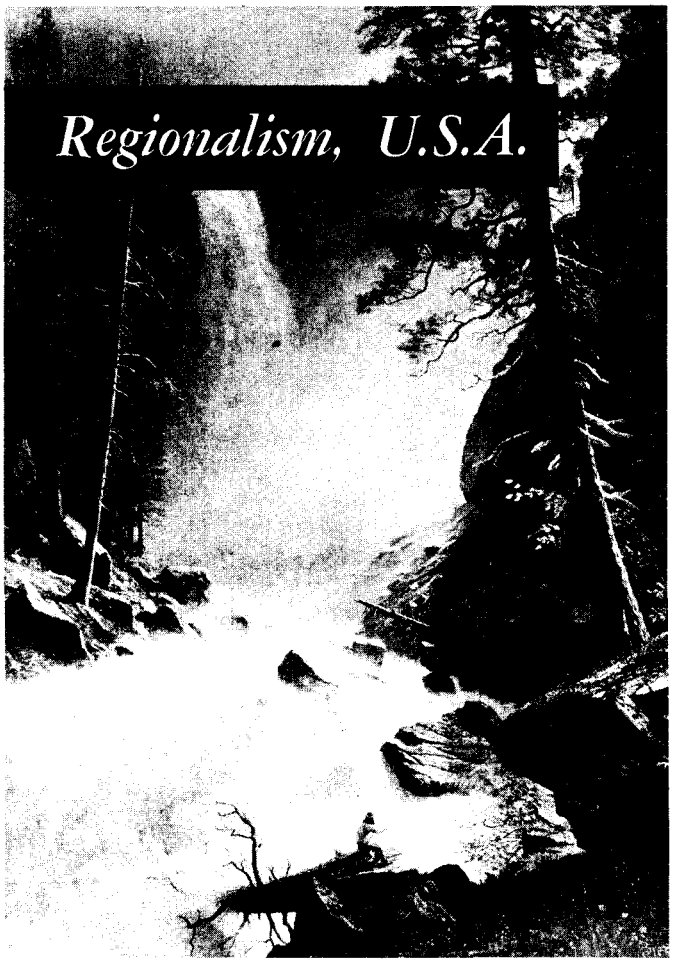
Regionalism, U.S.A.



—*Photo courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.*

"A Mountain Stream," by Albert Bierstadt (c. 1860).

—*Collection of the City Art Museum of St. Louis.*

"The County Election," by George Caleb Bingham (1852).

—*Photo courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

"Mountain Ford," by Thomas Cole (1846).

—*Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art.*

"Sixth Avenue Elevated at Third Street," by John Sloan (1928)—outstanding example of "our so-called 'Ash Can' school" of painting.

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—*All three pictures from collection of Whitney Museum of American Art.*

"Baptism in Kansas," by John Steuart Curry (1928).

Section from "Dinner for Threshers," by Grant Wood (1933).

"The Meal," by Thomas Hart Benton (1925).

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tions, it is patently absurd. Extremely few of our museums have any women, jittery or placid, on their boards of trustees; the power in most of these museums, on the contrary, is vested in conservative, not to say reactionary, businessmen who recoil in horror at the thought of female infiltration of their territory of executive and cultural decision.

But quite apart from the human equation, which Mr. Benton weighs so oddly in oddity's favor, what have our institutions as such done about American art, other than "modern," during the recent period of which he speaks? If his memory were not so recalcitrant he would know they have done a great deal.

There is space to give only a few examples. The Whitney Museum of American Art, for one, has never relaxed its attempt to give the public an unbiased account of native achievement in the fine arts; its associate director, Lloyd Goodrich, is the author of definitive monographs on Eakins and Homer—two painters whom Mr. Benton, with the abundant spittle of envy at his command, can't easily sneer away. At the Brooklyn Museum John I. H. Baur, curator of painting and sculpture, has brought back into esteem a number of nineteenth-century American artists more genuinely homespun by far than Mr. Benton, whose baroque dramaturgy is not unrelated to the European sources he derides. Thomas Craven did not write the recent book on that much neglected romantic, Washington Allston; it was Edgar Richardson, director of the Detroit Institute of Arts. And, finally, the Museum of Modern Art (most obsessive of Mr. Benton's targets) published in 1935 the first large work on George Caleb Bingham—an infinitely greater Regionalist than his twentieth-century successors. During the recent war, precisely when the "modern" movements were again ascendant, as Mr. Benton stresses, the same museum held big shows of both realist and romantic American painting.

When Mr. Benton abandons invective for a description of the Regionalists' program his statements become impressively absurd. In describing this program he writes: "However, our interests were wider than the term suggests. Those interests had their roots in that general and country-wide revival of Americanism which followed the defeat of Woodrow Wilson's universal idealism at the end of the First World War and which developed through the subsequent periods of boom and depression until the new internationalism of the Second World War pushed it aside." But, as everyone

must know by now, World War II very nearly pushed us as a nation aside, because we had previously retreated to an isolationism which may have benefited the market for the Regionalists' pictures, but which otherwise was a near-disaster for this country. Mr. Benton seems to infer, with astonishing petulance, that the Regionalists were the victims of those nasty foreign wars. So, in heaven's name, were millions of human beings. It is hard to think of such catastrophic events and of the inexorable sweep of history in terms of their effect on three Midwestern painters only one of whom—Grant Wood—was notably talented. And what on earth does Mr. Benton mean by saying: "In the heyday of our success we really believed we had at last succeeded in making a dent in American esthetic colonialism"? "Esthetic colonialism" was the crux of what Mr. Benton and his associates proposed in advocating their form of chauvinistic Regionalism. If they had succeeded they would have diverted our art into a sluggish backwater, instead of letting it find its way into the international mainstream where it—and we as a nation—must now take an upright, strong course.

ONE of Mr. Benton's chief grievances against contemporary art is that it is too intelligent. He says: Effective esthetic production depends on something beyond thought. The intellectual aspects of art are not art, nor does a comprehension of them enable art to be made." But who claims that art can be created only through the intellect? Certainly not the defenders of "modern" painting and sculpture, the "high-brows, . . critics, college art professors, and museum boys," whom Mr. Benton despises. On the contrary, it is such people who in our own century, for the first time, have admitted untrained, instinctive artists to a peerage with their more erudite colleagues. The Douanier Rousseau did not evolve his magic sense of proportion from a study of Euclid; the tribal artists of Africa and the South Pacific are not known to have held symposia on the Golden Section. Our era's drastic reappraisal of esthetic values in the fine arts has included, as a cardinal factor, the recognition of the validity of emotion as distinct from knowledge, of instinct as opposed to *a priori* rationalization. Mr. Benton is aware of this as well as anyone; in his eagerness to make an irresponsible point he just plain forgets.

The arbiter of taste in art, as Mr. Benton makes clear in his article, has been for him the American public at large. He writes: "What ideological battles we had were in American terms and were generally comprehensible to Americans as a whole. This was exactly what we wanted. The fact that our art was arguable in the language of the street, whether or not it was liked, was proof to us that we had succeeded in separating it from the hothouse atmospheres of an imported and, for our country, functionless esthetics." Viewed purely as polemic strategy there is a certain advantage in such a premise, since street-corner discussions of art (and I imagine they were relatively infrequent even when the Regionalist movement was at its zenith) are far harder to pin down than professional disputes, many of them printed. Yet one can only be appalled by the surrender of conscience as an artist to which Mr. Benton's faith in mass opinion eventually led him. In the spring of 1946, for the catalogue of his exhibition at the Associated American Artists Gallery in Chicago, he wrote what must surely be the most ignominious words of artistic abdication of recent times: "I ask then, Chicagoans, that you let the question of how 'good' these paintings are pass in favor of another question: 'How like are they to the things you know, to the experiences you have had in the America in which you live?'" This statement, mind you, was by the same Thomas Hart Benton who in 1916 wrote in the Forum Exhibition catalogue: "In conclusion I wish to say that I make no distinction as to the value of subject-matter. I believe the representation of objective forms and the presentation of abstract ideas of form to be of equal value."

An artist is entitled to change his mind and direction, of course. But form, whether abstract or realistic, remains a central part of his business. To renounce it completely in favor of popularity, as Mr. Benton does in his Chicago foreword, is sufficient indication that the truest words he has ever said about his Regionalism (he was talking about its permanent value) are those in his present article: "We were well off the beam on that score."

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Great Americans. *During the last war publication of the comprehensive, thorough type of biography came to an almost complete halt. But our scholars have been industriously making up for lost time in the half dozen years since V-J Day. In this season alone they have published three biographies of Washington, two of Jefferson, two of John C. Calhoun, one each of Zachary Taylor and Charles Evans Hughes, as well as collections of the letters of Benjamin Rush, Jefferson, and Theodore Roosevelt. The first two volumes of T.R.'s letters were reviewed in* SRL *on April 21; the third and fourth are discussed on page 17 of this issue. The most recent link of Dumas Malone's many-volumed life of Jefferson was noted here last Oct. 20; on page 17 we review Nathan Schachner's new complete-in-two-volumes life. Merlo J. Pusey's work on Charles Evans Hughes (below) is described as an "authorized but not official" biography; it may well prove to be the definitive one.*

Master of Great Issues

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. By Merlo J. Pusey. New York: The Macmillan Co. Two vols. 829 pp. $15.

By HENRY WRISTON

THE STORY Mr. Pusey tells here is as authentically American as the rocking-chair. A country preacher's son, without money, without influence, nevertheless rose to one of the two highest offices in the land and unrivaled stature in the public service. He did it without sacrifice of independence, owing no debts, political or monetary.

All this Mr. Pusey sets down in swift prose; his style is clear and wholly without pretense. In this sense it is an easy book to read. It is built, nonetheless, upon long experience, scholarly industry, and unwearying research. Full advantage was taken of notes prepared by Mr. Hughes, and of his papers; but everything that went into its making was checked against other sources.

The tone is friendly; it could hardly be otherwise, for Mr. Hughes had a personality so warm as to captivate even the captious. Occasionally it is admiring; that is justified, for no figure in American public life evoked more admiration at climactic moments. There is also candid criticism, a task made easier by Mr. Hughes's own dispassionate recognition of errors. An inept appointment, made as Governor, to a post where it would have been least expected; faulty judgment in selecting a campaign manager in 1916; the Newberry statement, where legal commitment clouded moral judgment —these and other mistakes are fairly assessed.

The author does everything possible to explain a complex character by tracing its development. Cynics will continue to call it an enigma; it is easy of comprehension to those who knew him intimately, or follow his growth in this biography. In boyhood and youth, indeed until the insurance investigation, there was a kind of inner unsureness. Hughes felt no call to a vocation; he was "talked into" the law. Highstrung, nervous, his energy outran his strength; he felt the necessity to flee even from his adored family into the high mountains whence came help such as the Psalmist found in the hills. Even in mature years, his personality at peace with itself, he was nervous and sensitive. Yet he displayed from the first an outward calm that many associates called "glacial."

In the best sense Charles Evans Hughes was self-educated. His mother's instruction made him appear precocious. Neither at Madison (Colgate) nor at Brown did the curriculum or student affairs absorb his energy. He read voraciously, rapidly, remembering in great detail and with amazing accuracy. Memory and logic buttressed each other; once he had thought a matter through he could repeat his expression word for word.

The Horatio Alger tradition was denied by absence of ambition. Skeptics said it was just well hidden. Ambition there was, of a sort; it was an internal ambition. He sought to achieve a degree of self-discipline which would make him the equal of any problem he faced. Hughes was unique in this: rigorous—one might say ruthless—self-discipline did not dampen, it actually heightened, his zest for life. He followed the dictates of his mind, but put his whole heart into doing so. The phrase often used to describe him, "a thinking machine," was utterly inapt. As he grew in intellectual and moral efficiency, his gaiety became fresher and more spontaneous.

Public office, therefore, had no glamour; its trimmings he found boresome; its restrictions galling. He enjoyed it only as a challenge to match his powers with great issues. Contentment came not from public plaudits, but only when his own critical estimate found his effort satisfactory.

One of the rare men able to master complicated questions, Hughes often made their resolution seem simple. This was the key to his brilliance as a diplomat. No issue was more befogged in argument, bickering, and obfuscation than the island of Yap, the crux of the Pacific mandate problem. His note, brief as a telegram, was clear as a lens; he used the only unanswerable argument and cluttered it with no other. That classically simple stroke resolved the stalemate in the Far East.

By such means the State Department was transformed from a dismayed, disorganized group into a vigorous and effective organization. Our Caribbean imperialism was reversed, Latin relations bettered, the Far East shown the road to peace. The world was startled and thrilled by the first effective check upon competitive naval armament. Not everyone was satisfied; Hughes was ready to tackle immense difficulties, but he limited himself to the possible. That annoyed some idealists, who insisted upon miracles.

The art of politics he never mas-

—*By Robert Carter, from the book.*

"Patriotism Wins" [1916].

Henry Wriston is president of Brown University. His books include "The Nature of a Liberal College" and "Strategy of Peace."

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tered; these volumes make clear that he never understood politicians. This explains his satisfaction in leaving the New York governorship for the Supreme Court. It accounts for the ineptness of some phases of his Presidential campaign in 1916. He so concentrated on judicial duties that he gave no thought to what he would do if nominated in spite of his clear expression of preference to be left on the Supreme Court. It explains his presence in the Harding cabinet without alertness to what was destroying that administration. It justifies the extraordinary calmness with which he accepted defeat in 1916, and his resolution never again to run for office can thus be understood.

When the election was over he harbored no resentment over the slogan of the Wilson campaign, "He kept us out of war." Instead, he seized the opportunity to contribute to national unity by supporting his victorious opponent as we went to war. Loss of the Presidency, therefore, which shallow men regarded as spoiling the "success story" left no sense of defeat. Instead, his talents found their appropriate outlet. As Chief Justice he was perfectly in his element. His leadership of a Court divided against itself was a supreme achievement. It made him distinguished beyond all modern comparison.

He defied all labels. The insurance people whom he investigated called him a radical; the politicians felt he was too independent and had no desire to see him remain as Governor of New York; when he was nominated to be Chief Justice he was denounced in unmeasured terms as a reactionary. As an advocate he would speak for Socialists excluded from the legislature, or for vast business enterprises; his only question was, "Is there an issue that merits determination?" On the court he followed where reason led, and had no concern whether the result was called "liberal" or "conservative." No label stuck. His mind was so alert, his grasp of the realities so firm that he did not attitudinize about problems; he thought about them, then his conclusions became convictions. He was the epitome of the independent man.

I wish every young American would read this antidote to current cynicism and disillusionment regarding public life.

From Boyhood to Administrator

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER, 1874-1920: Years of Adventure. New York: The Macmillan Co. 496 *pp.* $4.

By Fred Harvey Harrington

OPINIONS differ sharply as to Herbert Hoover. None, however, will deny that he is one of the key figures in twentieth-century American history. In consequence, his memoirs are bound to be important. It is pleasant to report that the first volume of these recollections is also fairly interesting. And written, apparently, by Hoover himself—a noteworthy point in these days of the ghost.

This is, basically, a book about Herbert Hoover and the First World War. Two-thirds of the volume deals with that era. In a way, this is a natural division, when one considers the importance of that war in Hoover's life and in world history. Many, though, would like more detail on the years when Hoover emerged as the highest paid American engineer ("Had it not been for the First World War, I should have had the largest engineering fees ever known to man"). Enough space has been given to the boyhood and college years; and there is sufficient detail on Hoover's service in China, before and during the Boxer Rebellion. The rest of the prewar experience is handled rather sketchily, which is a misfortune since this is the part of his career which is least known and not covered in existing studies.

After entering public life Hoover regarded the early years with nostalgia. He rated the quarter-century before the First World War as the happiest period in all human history. But if the later years were less pleasant they were more important. The autobiography catches some of the drama of the days when Hoover directed Belgian relief (1914-17). It is less successful in its attempt to catch the spirit of wartime Washington, where Hoover served as Food Administrator (1917-18). After the Armistice Hoover directed American Government relief activities in Europe. This important assignment is treated in great detail.

Next, and last, comes a section on the Treaty of Versailles. This was published first in the *Saturday Evening Post* in November 1941 as a contribution to the stay-out-this-time movement. It was published in book form after Pearl Harbor ("America's First Crusade"), as a warning to the peacemakers of World War II. It now fits in fairly well with Hoover's present continental-defense theory.

Hoover does not conceal his opinions; and while his comments are not particularly penetrating they are often interesting and sometimes amusing. He liked China, though he felt that country's future pretty close to hopeless. He disliked what he saw in Czarist Russia and predicted revolution; but he loathed the "Bolshevik murderers," whom he considered both villainous and stupid (moved, he thought, by "the very furies of ignorance"). The Germans, he felt, "had been a militant, aggressive race since Caesar's time . . . massed regimentation was their bent." He is critical, but not without sympathy, in his comments on Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and other major figures of the First World War. The really sour comments are found in footnote references to Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. As an example: the liberalism of the World War I period, says Hoover, was "far different from the pseudo-liberalism of later years. That is a collectivist mixture of Socialism, Fascism, and a dictatorial state." Such statements indicate that the later volumes of this series may be less well balanced than this one.

The various sections of this first volume of Hoover reminiscences were prepared at different times. Any book so written would sound choppy, even if done by a first-rate literary craftsman, and Hoover is not that. At some points the book is friendly and informal; at others, cold and impersonal. The engineering and Belgian sections are largely personal recollection with a minimum of quotation from the record. The Food Administration and postwar relief chapters, on the other hand, are loaded down with quotations from contemporary documents. The section on Versailles contains many quotations from other memoir writers; the rest of the book has very few of these. All of which is hard even on the patient reader. Let us hope that the later volumes follow a more consistent pattern.

Fred Harvey Harrington is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of "God, Mammon, and the Japanese," and other volumes.

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Five Full Years

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Vols. III and IV: The Square Deal. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1438 *pp.* $20.

By GEORGE MOWRY

HENRY ADAMS once remarked that Theodore Roosevelt was pure act. This assessment was not inapt as far as it went. But like so many statements about Roosevelt, it caught only one of the most striking sides of his faceted character. He was such a multitude of things to so many men, and so many things to himself, that it is extremely difficult to capture the real Roosevelt even in a full-length biography. To get a real sounding on the public as well as the private man, to get at his true depth and amplitude, as well as at his essential humanity, one can find no better source than his letters.

And what a remarkable collection the Roosevelt letters are! Numbering around one hundred thousand, they constitute one of the major raw literary treasures of recent American civilization. For Theodore Roosevelt had such a zest for life and such a fund of almost inhuman energy with which to enjoy it that few important men have touched their times in so many places. Rancher, soldier, naturalist, big game hunter and explorer, historian, essayist, and politician—he was all of these and more. His intellectual interests were as wide as his activities. Literature and poetry, art and architecture, naval science, and amateur sports were just a few of the numerous subjects that regularly fell prey to his mind and his pen. One would have to go far back in American history indeed, perhaps to Franklin and Jefferson, to find an eminent American statesman with such catholic interests and tastes.

Since the present volumes of this projected eight-volume set cover the years from 1901 to 1905, when Roosevelt was first Vice President and then suddenly President by virtue of McKinley's death, the major portions of the pages are properly devoted to Presidential policy and national politics. Forced by the limitations of space to select some two thousand letters from a total of about twenty thousand written during these years, Professor Morison and his helpers have wisely followed a policy of printing most of the letters concerning single major events except those which are largely repetitious or which contain trivia. The result on the whole is a happy one, although had all the letters concerning a major event been printed, at times more uncertainty in the Presidential mind would have been apparent, and fortuitous chance emphasized in the formulation of policy rather than the consistency which almost inevitably comes from such a selection.

Within the limitations set upon them, however, the editors have done a splendid job in the choice of the letters they present. And nowhere else in print can one get such a comprehensive view of the Roosevelt attitude toward the important issues of his first administration. For here is the raw, if selected, grist from which historians have written and will continue to write.

Here, also, is the intimate picture of Roosevelt the politician, who never forgot that democratic politics was the art of the possible, treading warily with the arch conservative leaders of his party in the Senate, and yet cautiously appealing over their heads occasionally to a liberal-minded nation, appointing postmasters with a fine appreciation of their future worth to his cause, and consummately destroying all opposition to his reelection in 1904. Here is Roosevelt the bitter partisan, contemptuous of the Democratic Party, at the same time purloining most of its thunder. Here is the human Roosevelt who saw the game of politics for what it was worth, who could and did laugh at himself, at least upon a few guarded occasions.

Within these same pages also is Roosevelt the intense American, commenting upon anything that interested him, which included most things under the American sun—Roosevelt the father of his beloved sons, writing them long, warm letters even in the midst of a strenuous campaign; and Roosevelt the appreciative friend of artists and authors. It is interesting, indeed, to find an American President during a campaign reading Trevelyan, Macaulay, Rhodes, and Dickens. But what is most surprising is to find him having the intellectual urge and the energy to write to literary friends about the books at length after the dust of the political wars had settled. Professor Morison and his associates have continued the superb editorial level set in the first two volumes of this set. With each new volume, Americans interested in the history of their country become deeper in their debt.

George Mowry is on the faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles. He is the author of "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Era."

—From "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt."

The three Theodores—"a zest for life."

The Great Virginian

THOMAS JEFFERSON: A Biography. By Nathan Schachner. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. Two vols. 1070 *pp.* $12.

By CHARLES M. WILTSE

AMONG ALL the Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson offers the greatest challenge to the biographer. His character is bafflingly complex, and the range of his interests transcends the customary scope of scholarship in this age of specialization. He invites particularized treatment but poses almost insuperable problems for those who would write of him in his entirety against the dynamic background of his times. It is this task that Mr. Schachner has undertaken in two substantial and well-written volumes, that cannot fail to interest and instruct the general reader.

In periods of political unrest and reconstruction men turn naturally to the past for precedent and inspiration. In the era of economic exploitation following the Civil War the author of the Declaration of Independence was brushed aside as a mere radical theorist, but his ideas struck a responsive chord in the great depression of the 1930's. Himself the product of an age of change and one of the architects of a new political order, Jefferson now bids fair to be among the most pub-

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Charles M. Wiltse is the author of "The Jeffersonian Tradition in American Democracy" and a biography of John C. Calhoun.

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"Isms" & the University

Two Reviews of "God and Man at Yale"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of the widespread controversy over "God and Man at Yale"* SRL has assigned the book for dual review. What follows is not a debate but a complementary examination of the book from two differing viewpoints. Selden Rodman, poet and art historian, during his undergraduate days at Yale edited the dissident* Harkness Hoot. *Frank D. Ashburn, a Yale alumnus, who has kept in close touch with his alma mater, is headmaster of the Brooks School at North Andover, Mass.*

1. By SELDEN RODMAN

THIS IS an important book, perhaps the most thought-provoking that has appeared in the last decade on the subject of higher education in the United States. The advance publicity and advertising have been misleading. For its author, graduated last year from Yale where he chairmaned the *Daily News* and became a focus of angry controversy, writes with a clarity, a sobriety, and an intellectual honesty that would be noteworthy if it came from a college president. That the author happens also to be a conservative, with whose specific religious and economic ideas I find myself not in sympathy, is less important than that he challenges forcefully that brand of "liberal" materialism which, by making all values "relative," honors none.

In religion Buckley is a devout Christian who believes that the "refusal to proclaim Christianity as the true religion (which is what all genuine Christian leaders proclaim it to be, thus committing themselves logically to the proposition that other religions are untrue) is a sample of the adulteration of religion to the point where it becomes nothing more than 'my most favorite way of living.'" In politics he is an individualist who believes that "support of the weak . . . is an automatic result of the free enterprise system" and that "abridgment of freedom is an inescapable by-product of government planning." In education he believes that it is the moral duty of a privately endowed university actively to promote through its teaching those principles of religion and political economy which the alumni (through their representatives, the Corporation and the President) profess to support. Taking Yale as a fairly typical example of the privately endowed liberal arts college, Buckley proceeds to examine its actual practice in these three categories. This is what he finds.

In the field of religion the basic courses tend to undermine rather than to fortify the average student's respect for Christianity. The largest course focuses upon the Bible as a "monument over the grave of Christianity." The two next largest are taught by a professor who "replies ambiguously when asked if he believes in the divinity of Christ" and one who "has not been able completely to persuade himself." A fourth professor tells his students that he is "80 per cent atheist and 20 per cent agnostic." As for the student religious organization, the present editor of its publication "is an avowed agnostic."

In the field of political economy the basic course uses four textbooks which are also used in most of the privately endowed and state universities in the nation (a list of several hundred of these is appended). These texts, Buckley charges, attack the free enterprise system and support, covertly or openly, state Socialism. Business, small as well as large, is branded as anti-humanitarian. New Deal efforts to redistribute income are regarded as wildly inadequate. Present limited inheritance rights are labelled anti-democratic. Cradle-to-grave security is advocated. No intimation is given that there are any reputable economists who disagree with the Keynesians. And Buckley considers it a final irony that government-caused inflation is advocated as a means of repudiating the national debt—the kind of inflation, he adds, which has already reduced the purchasing power of the 1932 dollar to forty cents—with the result that the guardians of Yale's already diminished fixed-income-bearing securities are in the curious position of desperately appealing to the alumni "to make up the difference, and to continue to support Yale's economics professors and texts in their cries for more and more inflation."

Buckley assails the "dishonesty" of the officers of the college who pronounce in their speeches and preach from the pulpit the values of Yale's Christian tradition and its championship of the free-enterprise system while conniving at contrary teachings under the shield of "academic freedom." Academic freedom, Buckley points out, does not exist in any pure sense. A professor who dared to justify Joyce Kilmer as a major poet, Houston Chamberlin as a racial philosopher, or Soviet Communism as a political creed, would be instantly ejected. Jerome Davis *was* ejected. The slogan is simply used, he insists, to justify laissez faire. Thus President Seymour, himself a Christian and a believer in individualism, pronounced that academic freedom demands that the student be permitted to choose between alternatives in an atmosphere of skepticism, but did not see any inconsistency in the fact that Yale's one course in basic sociology was "taught for years by a virulently anti-religious professor" or that its only course in comparative economics is taught by a collectivist—or that Buckley was prevented from delivering a prepared address on this subject to the alumni.

William F. Buckley, Jr.—"ardent ambition."

BUT Buckley's critique goes much further than advocating merely that Yale live up to its professed ideal of presenting "both sides" fairly. He believes that "the teaching part of a college is the practice field on which the gladiators of the future are taught to use their weapons . . . and are inspired with the virtue of their cause in anticipation of the day when they will step forward and join in the struggle against error." This, he says, was the

*GOD AND MAN AT YALE. By William F. Buckley, Jr. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 240 pp. $3.50.

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concept of education that animated Yale before the "relativistic" disciples of John Dewey took over. Buckley does not believe the student should be shielded from different values, but he does believe the professor should speak up for what he conceives to be the truth and deflate error. To this end, scholarship and teaching, now related solely for financial convenience, should be divorced. The alumni body (manipulated, he says, by an administration which gives it no inkling of what is actually going on at Yale, and lulled into torpor by a gutless magazine) should be consulted and polled on what really concerns it—the education of its children, the future intellectual leaders of the nation. Reform of the curriculum, he believes, would rapidly follow.

So much for Buckley's thesis. I have presented the arguments fairly because I respect the spirit and courage of their author. I applaud his assault against what he regards as the dishonesty of those who pay lip-service to one set of principles while teaching the youth, under a smokescreen of "academic freedom," other principles. Buckley's specific ideas are another matter.

Twenty years ago, as an undergraduate at Yale, I helped to found and edit a publication which assailed the university from a contrary stance. We criticized our religious mentors for being tradition-bound, and the curriculum for giving no voice to liberal and radical philosophies. Under the changed circumstances Buckley describes, I can conceive that my rebellion, like his, might focus on the smugness and intolerance of the dominant Liberal. Nevertheless (and perhaps because my philosophy took root in different soil) I see the specific issues at stake in a different frame of reference. To Buckley, the great issues today are: (1) Christianity *vs.* Agnosticism or Atheism; and (2) Individualism *vs.* Collectivism. For me, they are rather: (1) Humanism (including freedom of worship for *all* religions, and freedom of speech for non-believers) *vs.* Absolutism (whether expressed in a religion or a political creed); and (2) Individual Responsibility for the community, local, national, and world-wide, as expressed through representative government *vs.* Irresponsible Rule, whether expressed in terms of a government which permits labor to be exploited by business, or one which mobilizes labor to tyrannize through its own elite over others. I disagree also with the author's contention that "the liberal . . . is the absolute dictator in the U. S. today"—

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Fiction. *Although his publishers maintain that Jean-Louis Curtis has not been infected by the Sartrian philosophy of despair that has flourished in France since World War II, his Goncourt Prize novel, "The Forests of the Night" (page 21), reflects the familiar pessimism and cynicism. It is, however, a fine piece of work, one of the best novels of the current season. Less successful are the new works of domestic origin. John Dos Passos, whose talents as a storyteller and an exponent of social protest won him renown in the Thirties, has turned to a more pleasant subject with less happy results in "Chosen Country" (below). Robert Wilder, who has "Flamingo Road," a good social novel, and "Bright Feather," a good historical novel, to his credit, comes near caricaturing his technique in "And Ride a Tiger" (page 21). This week's newcomer, Sidney Alexander, has an interesting subject—the movies—for his novel "The Celluloid Asylum" (page 20), but has little new to say about it.*

Welding the Past and Present

CHOSEN COUNTRY. By John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 375 pp. $4.

By Harrison Smith

TO readers who remember "Manhattan Transfer," and the volumes which made up his lengthy and painful study of the American social scene back in the Thirties, Mr. Dos Passos's latest novel will reveal that he has been converted to approval of this country and its people, as he first illustrated in a non-fiction book a few years ago.

"Chosen Country" turns out to be an old-fashioned story about two young people named Jay Pignatelli and Lulie Harrington, who fell in love when they first saw each other and married after years of separation. They were, in fact, born for each other. All the boys around the wooded lake where Lulie spent a few halcyon summers were more or less in love with her cheerful giggles, her little shrieks, and her Irish eyes. There were, among others, Georgie, Jasper, Joe, Benjie, and Zeke who married a very bad girl, and assorted elders, such as Aunt Lyde, Grandmother Waring, Doc Warner, Uncle Purdy, and many more.

John Dos Passos—"condensed plots."

Not only are there several subsidiary stories attached to his characters, but Dos Passos's passion for documentation leads him to dig back into their ancestral beginnings in Europe. Thus the table of contents lists eight chapters, interspersed with three Prolegomena ranging from 1848 to 1919, and three sections labeled Footnotes on a Vanished Culture, on Social Consciousness, and on the Practice of the Law, which extend in time from 1865 to 1930. By these the author illustrates his belief that the mating of Lulie and Jay and the behavior of Georgie, Benjie, Zeke, and their assorted relatives can only be thoroughly explained if you know all about their ancestors two or three generations back. In the process of welding the past and the present Dos Passos has written a series of what seem to be short stories, or condensed plots for separate novels. He presents the reader with an embarrassment of riches. They are excellent stories, for there can be no question of the author's ability as a teller of tales.

The first Pignatelli escaped from the Italian revolution in a rowboat and

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met Garibaldi at sea in a tartane. "His face was like the face of Christ," he remembered. His son grew up in Queen City on the Ohio River. Katherine Jay was a child in her mother's arms during the siege of Vicksburg in the Civil War and faintly remembered her bedtime stories of the dead piled in oxcarts and the wounded calling for water. Ezekiel Harrington's father, an abolitionist minister, brought his former slaves and his son back into Maryland after the war at the risk of their lives. Eliot Bradford's father was an archeologist so he was born in Asolo instead of Massachusetts, grew up among the Boston Brahmins, and returned to his father's profession in Italy.

These are the forebears of the living characters in the novel. Compared with their children, or their children's children, their lives are dramatic and colorful. The young people of the late Twenties and Thirties with whom Dos Passos is principally concerned are hardly worth writing about. None of them seems to be really grown up; their occasional returns from Chicago, where they are living, to the lake of their youthful memories is a wishful lapse into prolonged adolescences. The author does not attempt to use them either as symbols of modern American life or as the protagonists in any consecutive plot or drama. He is never able to unite them except as they flutter about Lulie Harrington. The final episode, Lulie's marriage with Jay, is as slick and as artificially embroidered as a banal love story in a mass circulation magazine.

This is a strong statement to make of a writer as distinguished and capable as John Dos Passos. The final four sentences on the three hundred and seventy-fifth and last page may make it credible. On the morning after their marriage the young couple meet at dawn on the doorstep of their borrowed seaside cabin. "The waves breathed in the cove. 'Husband,' she said. 'Wife,' he said. The words made them bashful. They clung together in their bashfulness. 'Today we begin,' he said, 'to make . . .' 'This wilderness our house,' she said. The sun risen over the ocean shone in their faces."

It is possible that Dos Passos was at the last moment so pleased with getting his heroine safely married that he has confused this modern couple with an unwritten prolegomena concerning someone else's ancestors who crossed the continent in a covered wagon. Actually, Jay had a minor job in a lawyer's office in New York and neither of them had the faintest intention of making the wilderness their home.

Money-making vs. Integrity

THE CELLULOID ASYLUM. By Sidney Alexander. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 377 pp. $3.50.

By Hollis Alpert

MR. ALEXANDER'S hero is a writer called, perhaps symbolically, Adam David. For Adam was pure and safe in his Eden before he ate of the serpent's apple, and David eventually slays his personal Goliath. It happens this way: Adam and his wife are spending a year in Italy, where they have gone on a shoestring so that he can complete his novel. His talent has thus far expressed itself in the form of verse, short stories, and plays that were never produced. When he is offered the chance to make some quick money by working on the screenplay of a costume melodrama being filmed in Italy he runs through some assorted qualms and eventually takes on the chore. It is only to be a temporary climbing down from his "tower of purity." Thus the apple of temptation.

The movie company is pretty much the usual collection, one that exists in life as well as in a lengthening series of novels. A shady American producer, a hack director with pretensions, actors on the way out or the way in, a Marchese who is putting up some money in return for European and South American distribution rights, and a mixed group of hangers-on. Each keeps his knife unsheathed, ready to sink it into a rival's back or to cut himself a bigger piece of the unsavory pie. Adam sees all of the machinations with his amateur but unsullied eye, and produces script so long as his salary is forthcoming. Meanwhile qualms continue, and so does temptation. A married starlet flaunts her voluptuousness and Adam, who is intent upon saving her from the carnal clutch of the director, seduces her himself. He realizes that not only his integrity is threatened by this motley company, but his marriage too. He completes his job, resists the lure of more money for writing another picture, and gets out, thus slaying his Goliath.

Sidney Alexander—"intensity, vividness."

Mr. Alexander is by no means untalented, and if he lacks a sense of style he substitutes intensity and vividness. Yet his book is dull—although now and then the proceedings become so bizarre as to take on a quality of sensationalism—and often embarrassing in the writing. I think there are some clear reasons for this unfortunate result. Certainly one of them is that Mr. Alexander has nothing to say here that has not been said before, nor does he say it better. How many books have now been written about corrupt movie-makers who produce pictures for the "lowest common denominator" kind of audience? It is like belaboring a donkey that has already been beaten into exhaustion, if not to death.

His people thus become familiar caricatures, and thoroughly unpleasant ones at that. No sooner does one meet them, then one loses interest. All we have to counterbalance them are Adam and his wife, who only seem precious by comparison, and who take on an unpleasantness of their own from their nursing of a superiority and a purity that has hardly been proven. One wonders just how valuable is the talent that the celluloid asylum threatens, how important the "soul" of Adam, a soul that seems to have been sold pretty cheaply and easily, since he knew well in advance the nature of the work he would be doing. I suppose, too, that the soul-struggles of unformed writers like Adam are not too interesting to begin with. The concept of Adam as writer is an artificial one; his emotions seem artificial, so do his adventures. The screen-play he works on is an excruciating bore, but we are given lengthy passages from it. Now and then to relieve the tedium some sex has been sprinkled through. To show us what "pure" love is like we have the description of the sexual act between Adam and his wife, including the poetic orgasm that has become standard in many first novels.

But Adam comes through, finally. He saves his soul and his marriage. And at the end he is able once more to make happy love with his wife and to scoff at movies—except the good ones, which get made, inexplicably, somehow.

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Family Neuroses

AND RIDE A TIGER. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 345 *pp.* $3.50.

By James Kelly

IN A half dozen previous novels Mr. Wilder has demonstrated an ability to embroider the contemporary or historical scene. At his best ("Flamingo Road" and "Bright Feather") he concocts suspenseful melodramas with the colorful inventive quality of a tabloid newspaper feature. Uninhibited people move against authentic backgrounds. The wiles and devices of an expert yarn-spinner guarantee the reader's interest. At his weakest ("Wait for Tomorrow," for example) Mr. Wilder offers a synthetic, implausibly motivated *tour de force* which is held loosely together by the author's craftsmanship.

"And Ride a Tiger," to this observer, belongs a little below mid-point in the gamut. With faint echoes of the outspoken "A Rage to Live," it serves up the personal lives and neuroses of members of a wealthy small-town family. Spicily written, mildly diverting entertainment? Yes. Convincing or significant social comment? No. The author's art has not in this instance improved upon nature even though it may provide material for Hollywood and later reprint editions.

When Pike Yarnell stumbles to the beach of a forgotten South Pacific island he is guilt-ridden, scared, thoroughly confused. Over there is the body of Donald Beasley, the Navy flier whom he has egged to suicide after eight desperate days on a raft. Ahead lies the nearly deserted jungle. Should he hide out right here until the shooting stops? He receives no help with the answer, certainly not from the Harvard-trained, coldly aloof Japanese deserter who has reached the island ahead of him. "There is a saying . . . that every man rides a tiger," Yoshida aptly remarks. "He is unable to stay on and afraid to get off."

Yarnell steers his personal tiger back to war, later returns with it to peacetime partnership in a Kentucky automobile agency. But the haunting memory of young Beasley gives him no peace. Goaded by a morbid compulsion to know more about that face on the bobbing raft—Who was the man behind it? What was his background?—he sells his business and heads for Beasley's hometown in Georgia.

Without revealing his big secret Pike establishes himself with the family of his raft-mate when Pet Beasley,

Jean-Louis Curtis—"merciless, mordant."

a bored "nice girl" who affects the vocabulary and amorous bluntness of a drunken longshoreman, picks him up at a town ceremony in honor of her brother. Despite Pet's insistent and explicit wooing he finds time to study tycoonish Father Beasley, who hates being elderly almost as much as he despises his vapid wife and loves his son's young widow. Unpleasant Pacific memories are stirred by encounters with Mother Beasley, whose fierce love for her son is now transformed to shrewish jealousy of Allison, the woman who once possessed him. But when Pike and Allison get together (this was meant to be) the rest of the detective work no longer matters. Allison, like Pet, responds to his catnippy charm, takes the romantic initiative, and delightedly ignores small-town conventions.

At the explosive climax when Pike's secret is unexpectedly revealed a long shadow falls over the future of everybody concerned. Can the romance continue? Will the three Beasleys pull themselves back to normal? There is reason for hope on both counts. Despite such tag-ends, however, neat-minded readers will be grateful for a final scene in which Navy Pilot Yarnell (a fresh plane, a new war) zooms above Yoshida's island retreat. "I got off my tiger," reports the note dropped with two cartons of cigarettes. Poetic, that's what it is.

"And Ride a Tiger" offers individual scenes and characters with satisfying éclat. On the debit side, however, it is obvious that the uneasy principals do not know where they have been or where they are going. A competent psychiatrist would have trouble with one question: Why do *these* people act *this* way?

Counsel of Despair

THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT. By Jean-Louis Curtis. Translated by Nora Wydenbruck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

THE years of German occupation of France were years of struggle, despair, confusion, and hope. They are the darkest part of the "night" in the title of M. Curtis's Prix Goncourt novel. In that night the ordinary citizen, along with the conscious collaborationists and the more far-sighted opportunists who entered the resistance movement, moved along devious paths of compromise in the struggle for survival. When the liberation came they continued—in M. Curtis's book—to prowl as tigers in the forests of the competitive modern world.

The view is not a pretty one, and the author has deliberately painted his picture in a somber key. Here is little of the heroism which glowed at the core of the resistance and which other writers have celebrated. Only one of the characters, the boy Francis, is shown as untainted by venal opportunism or narrow-minded stupidity, and he is shown as betrayed by his compatriots. His death is the focal point of the novel.

Phillipe, sadistic son of the town whore, becomes a terroristic informer in the service of the Germans. Helene, sister of Francis, seduced by her own weaknesses, betrays her lover, fighting with the Free French forces and causes his suicide. Gossip and spite conspire with human frailty to confound all higher aspirations, and in the end only the crafty survive to trick power from the liberators as they had wheedled it from the occupiers.

Writing in the tradition of Balzac, M. Curtis is merciless and mordant. His view is bleak, his counsel one of despair. But his grim portrayal has persuasive power, and his cynicism—unpalatable though it may be—gives a sharp edge to the wit he weaves through an absorbing study of modern man in a world at war with itself.

This is not a book one can like. Along with the Existentialists — to whom he is philosophically more kin than his blurb writer would have us believe—M. Curtis offers little hope, only the prospect of a tiger's survival. Man alive, he adjures us, is a creature morally exhausted, condemned to humiliation by the society he himself has created, destined for defeat. This grim and one-sided message is presented in a novel of compelling power and consummate craftsmanship.

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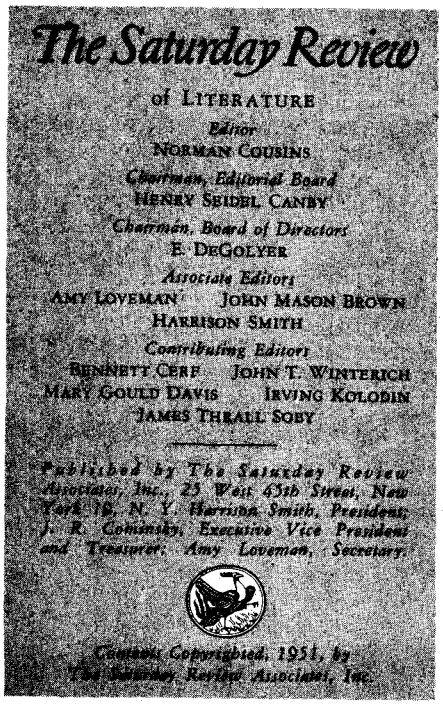
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Twenty Questions

IF YOU intend to travel abroad, especially in Asia, it is a fairly safe bet that you will be asked many questions about America. Some of these questions will surprise and even shock you—both with their severity and their apparent lack of any real understanding of the American people or our purposes in the world today. Some of them may amuse you. But all of them—however faulty the information behind some of them may be—happen to reflect widespread attitudes towards this country. And they define a challenge not only to visiting Americans but to the Voice of America and our information services program overseas.

The following list consists of the twenty questions most frequently thrown my way during dozens of lectures and private meetings on a recent trip to India and Pakistan.

1. Why do Americans practise race prejudice and discrimination? (As previously indicated in *SRL*, this is the number one question about America. There is little knowledge of the precise situation or of the truly impressive progress that has been made in the past dozen years. Instead there is a general impression that the American people have a superiority race complex. This is one of the basic factors in the entire problem of American good will in the East. The question of color has burned so deep that it would be foolish to expect that programs for economic rehabilitation are enough by themselves to win the support of Asian peoples.)

2. Why is the United States embarking on a program of colonial imperialism, especially in the Far East? (This extreme question usually ignores the history of American-Filipino relations and the constructive record in Japan since 1945. Generally, the question takes various forms, all the way from a demand that we cease trying to restore Eastern colonies to European nations to the comment that we are trying to out-British the British.)

3. Why doesn't the United States show the same concern over the Kashmir issue that it does over Korea? (This question was asked in both India and Pakistan in almost the same form, the only variation being that Pakistani wanted to know why we appeared to be siding with India, and vice versa in India. The Pakistani would accuse us of trying to win India over because it was a more populous country, while the Indians thought we were afraid to offend Moslems because of Near East oil. In both India and Pakistan we were accused of slowing up United Nations machinery to effect a settlement. In any event, it underlines the fact that we are expected to take strong leadership inside the U. N. looking towards a settlement of the Kashmir dispute.)

4. How does the United States reconcile its profession of democracy in the world with the fact that it sends aid and arms to non-democratic rulers and regimes? (The questioners frequently disclosed their astonishment at the fact that we do not realize that we are thereby endangering something far more important—the support of free peoples.)

5. Why is the United States "aggressing" in Korea against the Korean people? (Surprisingly enough, the basic facts about Korea have had very little airing in India despite the initial support by the Nehru Government of U. N. action against North Korea. Indian representatives to various United Nations agencies are often shocked on their return to India to discover the widespread misconceptions about the Korean war that are the rule rather than the exception. This is one propaganda theme the Soviet works as hard as it can.)

6. Why doesn't the United States support the admission of China to the United Nations if the present Chinese Government represents the will of the people? (Red China has had little criticism in the Indian or Pakistani press. There seems to be a general disposition to regard Communist China as a manifestation of complete national independence and not as part of a world-wide revolutionary movement with headquarters in Moscow. Mao seems to have a favorable reputation as a liberator. Nothing much is said about the widespread purges in China or about the growing failure of the land-reform movement. The position of the Nehru Government on Red China before the United Nations may actually be a reflection of fairly deep popular feeling on this subject.)

7. Why did the United States resort to the mass brutality of atomic bombing against Japan, especially as the

Poem

By Eric Wilson Barker

DELIVER ME this crude, amorphous thing,
This knot of bloodied clay to cleanse and knead,
Eject this head of poem like a babe
That I may heal the dark with phosphor eyes
And bell its sullen steeples into song.

Perennial child, born in an austere season,
Hardiest of Nature's nurslings in my care
That my green thumb will raise up like a tree
No windy death can topple, and my thoughts
Will roost like birds among its changing leaves.

Beside the sea will come our ending season,
Salt in its veins and fishes at my eyes,
The drowning flood that was our rocking cradle
Mixing its outward drift of leaves and bones
In winter dirges through the ears of shells.

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record now shows that Japan was at the point of imminent surrender and that this fact was known to American leaders? (Not infrequently, the question would take an extreme form: "Isn't it true that the United States dropped the atomic bomb on Japan because it was a colored race and that the bomb would never have been dropped on a white people?")

8. Why is there so much war talk in the United States, contrasted with the frequent declarations of peace that come from Russia? (This question highlights the fact that Soviet strategy, seeking to identify itself with peace, has scored some success on this particular propaganda front. Sometimes the question would be shifted around to the point where it would take this form: "Aren't you trying to goad Russia into talking back so that you will have the pretext for declaring war against her?")

9. Isn't it true that prosperity in America depends on war? Isn't it true that America didn't emerge from the Depression until it began to produce for World War II? Didn't your economy trail off after the war? Then didn't the war orders shore up your economy and lead to your present prosperity? Doesn't this mean that you have a strong stake in the maintenance of the war system? What would happen to your economy if suddenly world tensions evaporated? Is this why your newspapers talk about stocks falling every time there is good news in the world?

10. What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties? (Not as easy as it sounds.)

11. Why doesn't the United States have a culture of which it can be proud? (Or: Don't you have any writers of serious books or are most of your authors writing cheap stories for Hollywood or the adventure and comic books? Or: Have you done anything in literature or art or music that is considered by Americans to be as important as your shiny automobiles or new washing machines or your skyscrapers?)

12. What is being done to bring the rule of law to the American West? (This was only one of dozens of misconceptions of American life fostered by American movies.)

13. Why hasn't America put aside politics on the matter of sending wheat to relieve the threat of famine in India? (This, of course, was two months before the wheat loan finally went through. There was a particular sense of outrage at the fact that some American newspapers and public officials tried to connect mercy with politics.)

14. Is it true that Americans practise immorality in their daily lives as a matter of routine? (Said one questioner: "The soldiers who were here during the war — some of them — failed to respect our cultural and religious institutions. Some of them made improper advances to our young women, attempting to corrupt them with expensive gifts. Is this what they do in the United States? Is it customary for young men to intrude upon the marriages of others? Is it customary for young men to exercise intimacy with young ladies in public places, as they tried to do here?")

15. Why are Americans so unhappy? Every time we see them on the newsreel screen, they look most sad-faced. Why are there so many divorces? What is wrong with American institutions if the family cannot remain sacred?

16. How much freedom do women have in America? (It is difficult for Eastern peoples to realize that the emancipation of women can actually reach the point it has in America.)

17. What is wrong with your art? Why have your artists gone in for such slavish imitation of the French abstractionists? Do Americans really understand what some of your painters are getting at?

18. How much pay does the average worker in America get? What are his hours and working conditions? (The fact that American skilled workers receive approximately five to six times as much as the average Indian is considered surprising, but must be considered alongside the fact that the average American's output is correspondingly greater.)

19. Who speaks for the United States? Whom are we to believe? Does the President really represent the American people? If so, why are most of the newspapers opposed to him? Do the newspapers reflect American public opinion?

20. Don't American publishers see anything wrong in their virtual domination of the world paper market? (It is pointed out that there is a direct connection between an open paper supply and freedom of the press. Yet many papers are dying because of the paper shortage. Those that survive do so only because they have cut their size down to eight pages or less in many instances. How do you account for the fact that some metropolitan Sunday editions run to 200 pages or more. "Is it fair," one Madras publisher asked, "that they should have so much and we so little? We don't want them to give us their paper; we are willing to pay for what we get, and the price asked of us is about twice as much as American newspapers have to pay. But we cannot get paper even at these prices because American newspapers have virtually cornered the world supply.")

One of the dangers, of course, in considering the foregoing list is that we may be disposed not to take the questions seriously because so many of them are based on obvious misconceptions. But this will not correct the misconceptions, nor will it give us the sound foundation in public opinion we need abroad. It is important rather to give responsible consideration to each question. If a question has substance behind it that points to a possible weakness in our policies then what is required is not merely a bright and snappy come-back answer but a sober re-examination of these policies. If a question indicates that the questioner has been influenced by propaganda against us the problem for us is twofold: first, to provide the most effective answer possible; second, to attempt to combat the propaganda at the source.

In any event, any information about America has to meet squarely and cleanly the questions uppermost in the minds of other peoples. Conceivably, this might give the Voice of America the carrying power and striking power the times require. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"News from Nowhere"

SIR: The problem of "our disappearing foreign correspondents," with which Russell F. Anderson deals in "News from Nowhere" [*SRL* Nov. 17], started worrying me in 1947, when I paid a brief visit to Trieste. At that time it seemed that World War III might erupt in that little corner of the earth. There were dangerous tensions, unfriendly armies facing each other across a highly artificial border, and all the makings for big trouble. Yet the American press had no full-time American correspondents on the spot. The wire services were relying on local stringers of foreign nationality, in a spot where national feelings were so bitter that no local citizen could possibly write an impartial story. In case of emergency, the services planned to fly American correspondents from Rome. Bad weather might have made it impossible to get them there quickly. In the meanwhile, the American public was getting nothing at all out of Trieste.

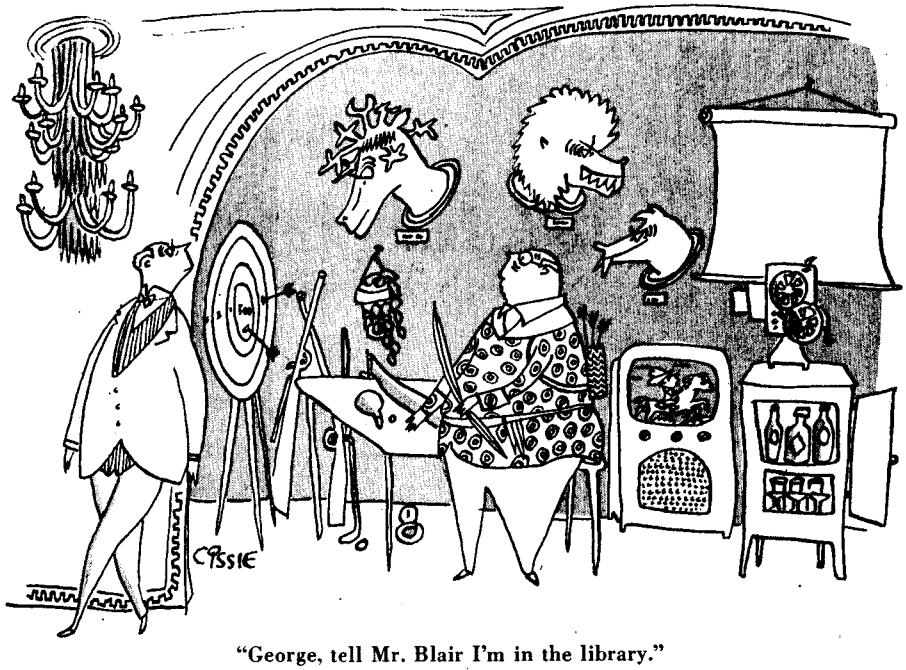
That sort of situation has been developing and getting even more serious since 1947. Surely there has never been a time when it was so important for people in this country to know, quickly and accurately, just what is going on all over what we used to call the "civilized" world. We surely have learned the lesson that trouble anywhere can be big trouble for us in America. It is not enough to think of rushing in correspondents on the "fire house" principle after events have already reached a climax. The American public needs to know the events that lead up to the climax. In other words, we need coverage over a broader area than we are now getting it, and also coverage in greater depth—the kind that can make distant developments real and comprehensible in terms of our own lives.

That kind of coverage costs real money. It is in one sense extravagant, in that it means keeping a good man for many months in a certain spot where no hot news is developing, on speculation. Correspondents get restless when their stories are not used. The people who pay them get uneasy when dollars roll out and no copy rolls in. Yet I can see no other way to assure the American public of the full and authentic coverage we must have in order to judge the events of this troubled world.

This sort of job can only be done by Americans, and only done well by Americans who know languages and can find their way around without relying on official contacts in a foreign country. The drying up of opportunities for American correspondents in the Iron Curtain countries should have released more capable people for jobs in those areas where they can still operate. Instead, the number of correspondents abroad has steadily declined, as Mr. Anderson points out. The fault lies, I suppose, with the newspapers, which have not insisted on wire service coverage of the type we must have to keep our readers properly informed. The Anderson piece gives us a good chance to ask for some action.

BARRY BINGHAM.
The Courier-Journal,
The Louisville Times.

Louisville, Ky.



"George, tell Mr. Blair I'm in the library."

SIR: Russell F. Anderson has raised some new issues that are entitled to the fullest discussion. I also believe it can be demonstrated he has made so many misstatements, and so distorted the actual picture of foreign news coverage, that it is vital to re-examine his article in some detail.

Even if Anderson's figures were accurate, and some of them are not, they would prove only that he is trying to reach conclusions by means of a quantitative equation conceived in theory and nurtured on misconception.

Let's analyze these figures. Anderson says there were 2,700 U.S. foreign correspondents five years ago. Presumably he means wartime, which would make it at least six years ago. Supposedly he is using the total number of accreditations; actually, there were never more than 1,100 U.S. correspondents in the eight theatres of war at any one time. That immediately tosses out Anderson's theme that "eight out of every nine foreign correspondents" have disappeared. Even the 1,100 figure may be inflated; many magazine representatives became accredited to go on government-sponsored observation trips in wartime; other persons received accreditation because that was necessary to go abroad in connection with the business and mechanical aspects of news operations.

There is no valid comparison, in any event, with wartime figures. There would be no particularly valid comparison even with pre-Munich figures. Some areas have opened up as news centers since that time; others have closed. Air transportation has changed the picture in many regions.

Some of our competitors choose not to make public their figures, and we frankly do not know if Anderson is correct in saying that today there are fewer than 300 U.S. foreign correspondents abroad, excluding Korea (why, incidentally, exclude Korea, since he starts off with wartime comparisons?). The Associated Press has no hesitancy in saying it has ninety U.S. correspondents currently in its foreign service. That is more than we had before the war, and we are spending in 1951 for foreign news collection nearly three times what we spent in 1938. The Associated Press's foreign news costs in 1951 actually exceed those of 1944, the last full year of World War II.

"In the main," says Anderson, news intended for U.S. consumption "should stem from Americans, unfettered by natural native biases and government pressures." To undertake world-wide coverage on that basis is strictly fantastic. The use of nationals as foreign correspondents is a favorite "whipping boy" in this field of criticism. Loose thinking and writing on the subject are predicated on the apparent assumption that U.S. citizenship is an immediate guarantee of superior capacity to report news. That is sheer poppycock. Frequently a national has distinct and ascertainable advantages over the foreigner—long-standing contacts with sources, background knowledge, language facility, and physical factors such as the ability to withstand difficult climates, plus first-rate qualifications as a reporter. In many places U.S. correspondents rely heavily on their national colleagues for these reasons. The AP is proud indeed of the work done by nationals in many countries, and that contributions to the AP

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come from persons of varying religions, colors, and nationalities.

Anderson loves the word "recently" and uses it with abandon. Near the start of his article he uses it (a) to mean last March; (b) where he says he conducted three surveys "recently," probably meaning the summer or autumn of 1950, and (c) when he speaks of a statement as having been made "recently" by Irving Pflaum of *The Chicago Sun-Times*; he means Dec. 12, 1949. On that day Pflaum dealt with, and criticized, the kind of news coverage that American press services were getting from Iron Curtain countries. A great deal of blood has flowed since December 1949, but here in November 1951 we find Pflaum's 1949 quotes used to bolster Anderson's November 1951 statement: "American press coverage in Eastern Europe is a disgrace." That will be small comfort to William N. Oatis, an Indiana boy who tried to do an honest job of reporting for The Associated Press in Czechoslovakia—and went to prison. It will be no particular solace either to Leonard Kirschen, a talented Rumanian who was A.P. correspondent in Bucharest; he too is in jail.

U.S. news agencies, says Anderson, put up "very little fight" against orders ousting correspondents from countries abroad. The Associated Press and other news organizations do not advocate calling out the Marines or dropping A-bombs when correspondents are expelled. Neither do they deliberately risk the lives of their correspondents. Do any of your readers believe The Associated Press should *try* to send another U.S. correspondent into Prague as long as Bill Oatis is in jail? Note that word *try*. A news agency cannot have a correspondent in Prague or Moscow or Warsaw simply because it wants one there. It first must get them visas admitting them behind the Iron Curtain. Poland, Bulgaria, and Rumania are among the countries that do not choose to admit A.P. correspondents.

Now as to Iran. Anderson errs in saying no U.S. correspondent was there when Premier Ali Razmara was assassinated. Robert B. Hewitt of A.P. was there and had been for months. He provided distinguished coverage on the assassination, before it, and afterward.

A little later, Anderson cites as "a good case in point" the revolt in Thailand. He says Alex MacDonald, who is A.P. correspondent in addition to being editor of the *Bangkok Post*, suffered censorship of his newspaper because of a dispatch printed in the U.S. Anderson says one doesn't have to reflect "at any length to appraise his freedom of reporting." And yet Anderson's own facts show that exercise of the freedom to report the news was the very thing that got MacDonald into temporary trouble! Anderson's juggling of the facts in this instance speaks for itself, and would not be mentioned here if it was not so nearly libelous of a fine and distinguished newspaperman.

With twice the space, we could go into many other situations Anderson cites as evidence. Even then, there would be no basic disagreement with the contention that U.S. readers need good eyes and ears to represent them in all parts of the globe. The Associated Press is doing its best to provide those eyes and ears.

ALAN J. GOULD,
Exec. Editor,
The Associated Press.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: In my opinion, "News from Nowhere" was not as carefully researched or as factual and well thought-out as your lead articles usually are. Mr. Anderson's main point is that there has been what he regards as an alarming shrinkage in the number of U. S foreign correspondents working abroad. I do not know how the other services stand as to numbers, but the implication that there has been a shrinkage in the foreign ranks of the United Press is wholly wrong. On the contrary we have more American reporters abroad today and more reporters of other nationalities too than we have ever had at any time, even in World War II.

As to telling how many reporters we employ abroad, it is true, as the author says, that the United Press would be reluctant to do this. I would not have given him an over-all figure or a break-down staff by staff, because I would not want to hand this information to a rival service. You don't tell even a "friendly enemy" where your strength is. In this business you let him watch the by-lines and try to figure it out for himself.

I think Anderson is wrong to put so much emphasis on numbers. A quantitative analysis could show three times the present number of reporters abroad, and still the quality of the service could be poor if they were not all first-class men or not properly directed. The test is not how many reporters you have here and there, and certainly nationality is no measure of their competence. The test is how well the news is covered.

What the article overlooks is that during the war hundreds of small papers who ordinarily would not send reporters abroad did have reporters accredited to the armed services and sent them off to develop angles of strictly local interest. The armed forces transported these men to the scenes of action and they were permitted to live with the fighting men. When the troops came home most of these reporters came home too, and only in rare instances would any of these home-town representatives qualify as foreign correspondents of the sort the author of "News from Nowhere" is writing about. In view of this you could sustain what might seem to be a sensational drop below the number at the height of the war and still not have a shrinkage in volume or deterioration in quality of news of foreign lands.

Finally, as the editor of one worldwide news service, I must disagree entirely with the article's narrowly nationalistic view of foreign reporting. I can see how some newspapers would want Americans only as their special representatives abroad. Individual papers have editorial policies to deal with and special needs in the treatment of certain foreign situations. But the press associations, and especially the United Press, are global in scope and do not take editorial positions on public affairs in the United States or in any of the countries where they operate. For example, we serve newspaper and radio outlets in seventy-five countries and territories. With such a spacious clientele I think we would be foolish to make nationality a measure of a U. P. reporter's competence. We don't insist on an all-British staff here or in Washington reporting for our clients in Britain, or an all-Japanese staff here or in London reporting for our clients in Japan. I cannot see anything the least bit alarming in the fact that we do not maintain an all-American staff around the world reporting for our clients in the United States. We employ scores of Americans, but we also employ good newspapermen of other nationalities and we are proud of their work.

EARL J. JOHNSON,
Vice President, The United Press.

New York, N. Y

SIR: My comment on Anderson's piece would be "Yes, but." I don't question his facts, or his interpretations; but there are mitigating circumstances—though they may look more mitigating to one who reads *The New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* every morning than to dwellers in the too numerous journalistic wildernesses.

Inadequate as American press coverage is, it is probably less so than that of any other nation. When a news organization can afford to keep only so many men abroad, it can't reasonably be expected to have somebody on hand wherever a statesman is going to be shot, in those parts of the world where anybody who is any good might be shot at any moment. Nor can it be blamed for inadequate coverage of Eastern Europe after what happened to Oatis. The State Department ought to fight to get more American correspondents in there? Yes, but what do they do if the correspondents get sent to jail? None of those who howl about the Oatis case has yet suggested any effective way to get Oatis out.

I am much more worried about the inadequacy of the quality than of the quantity. There are too many people getting paid as reporters abroad who are competent only to handle stories like Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. That so much of the news we get from Europe is of that kind is the fault of the cut-throat competition of the wire services, who value, and perhaps must value, a thirty-second beat of dubious accuracy more than a sound and solid story that gets in after the opposition has got the front-page head. They shouldn't do that, but they do; and

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they think, perhaps rightly, that they must do it if they want to eat.

If they must, the blame lies with the local editors, who give their readers what the editors think they want. This pulls the newspaper down to the lowest common denominator of its readers—or what the editor thinks is the lowest common denominator, which may be somewhat lower than is actually the case.

ELMER DAVIS,
American Broadcasting Co.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: As an editorial writer with a long background as foreign correspondent and foreign editor I share Russell Anderson's deep concern about the diminishing volume of information from abroad. The American reading public is in greater need of dependable information about what other nations are doing and thinking than at any time in its history. The extent and quality of that information are more limited than at any time in the past thirty years and the trend unfortunately is towards further curtailment.

Mr. Anderson has made a forceful presentation of economic and other factors limiting today's coverage. Even if budgets permitted and editors' interests demanded fuller coverage, however, we should still be without any independently gathered news from large areas of the world such as China, Russia, and other Communist-dominated territories. Censorship and other restrictions severely limit news from a number of other important areas.

As I explained eight months ago ["The Shadow of Global Censorship," *SRL* Mar. 24], efforts to lower governmental barriers to the free flow of news through international compacts unfortunately have been frustrated by attempts to obtain United Nations sanctions for additional restrictions upon freedom of information.

The Saturday Review is performing a useful service in acquainting readers with these regrettable but significant trends.

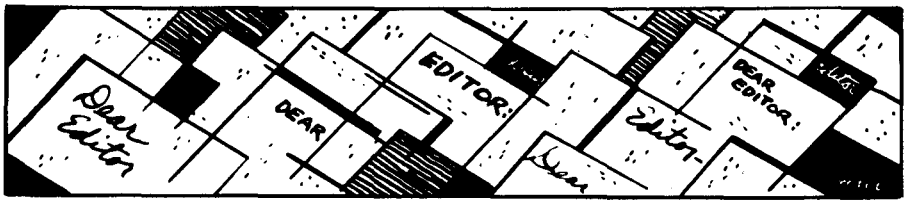
CARROLL BINDER,
Editorial Editor,
Minneapolis Tribune.
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: Mr. Anderson very nicely points out that the sheer economics of the situation prevent American wire services or newspapers from keeping correspondents in every country on the globe. With air travel and communications improved as they are the world has to be covered pretty much as by a city desk dispatching reporters to where they are needed. It can't be done otherwise.

One thing Mr. Anderson doesn't mention is the number of U. S. newspapermen who are going to Europe and Asia practically every day on an assignment for a few weeks.

I, too, deplore the fact that we cannot have American correspondents in every country, but that's the way it is, and at an estimated cost of $20,000 per man per year kept overseas I don't see how it can ever be otherwise.

ROBERT U. BROWN,
Editor, *Editor & Publisher.*
New York, N. Y



SIR: Although Russell Anderson's plea for more foreign correspondents is a sound one, few newspapers will pay what it costs. Nor is it easy to find enough reporters with the high standards he suggests.

One basic difficulty is this: the reporter who stars at spot news is rarely equipped by training and temperament to produce the more substantial background coverage, which requires historic perspective, long experience, and knowledge of international affairs. Or vice versa.

A partial answer to the dilemma, at least, is the highly skilled expert who can be procured as a sort of glorified stringer and paid for each job he does —plus, perhaps, a modest retainer. In this way it would be possible to secure the work of economists and other specialists in various fields. The American newspaper might wisely emulate many foreign papers, such as the old *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, *Le Soir* of Brussels, the *Berlingske Tident* of Copenhagen, and some of the London dailies, by publishing frequent reports that stand half-way between a leisurely article and a hurried dispatch. Admittedly, this would demand planning and guidance at the home office, and at times, by permission, a measure of re-write for popular consumption.

I am one of those who can't share Mr. Anderson's insistence on American nationality as a test for effective reporting. If an American has lived long enough in a region to saturate himself with the culture, history, and mood of foreign peoples, he probably has the edge, and can often turn out distinguished work. But surely no one could argue that the American correspondent in general is noted for sympathy or sensitivity in an alien *milieu.*

DEVERE ALLEN,
Director, Worldover Press.
Wilton, Conn.

SIR: There are many sound thoughts in Mr. Anderson's article but there are to my knowledge several misstatements of fact that cause me to discount some of the broad general statements purporting to be based on research. I fear the research was not sufficiently broad.

Mr. Anderson asks "Why were there not on-the-spot reports of this tragic event filed directly from Karachi?," in referring to the assassination of Liaquat Ali Khan. *The Chicago Daily News* of October 17 carried two excellent dispatches by one of our many well-informed staff correspondents, George Weller, cabled from Karachi, Pakistan. This edition also carried reports from the worldwide staff of *The Chicago Daily News* foreign service giving the background and expected repercussions of the affair.

I wonder if the mistaken impression isn't due to the fact that so many New York writers have the erroneous idea that *The New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* are the whole American press? Both are excellent newspapers but there are many others scattered throughout America.

BASIL L. WALTERS,
Exec. Editor,
Knight Newspapers, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: The original thesis of my article was that the American press was dangerously reducing its foreign coverage at the very time that the United States, locked in a struggle to keep the free world free, was in desperate need of eyes and ears in all parts of the world. I was fully cognizant that setting forth the proposition that overseas news coverage was haphazard, sketchy, and unworthy of the wealthiest and freest press in the world would precipitate a barrage of denials—at least from the press associations and that segment of the press charged with the responsibility of foreign news-gathering. It is interesting to note in reading the various comments that the editors who have to handle the news, like Barry Bingham, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times;* Elmer Davis, of the American Broadcast-Company; and Carroll Binder, of the *Minneapolis Tribune* (all men with exceptional knowledge of foreign affairs), agree on the inadequacy of our foreign coverage, but that the news executives whose job it is to generate the news from abroad, like Earl Johnson, of the United Press, and Alan J. Gould, of the Associated Press, stoutly defend their operations. It is axiomatic, however, that a product can be better judged by the consumer than the manufacturer.

One of the points that I sought to make in the original article was that the press was not ready to fight, hook or crook, to get its news, and that foreign editors too often failed to resort to ingenuity in circumventing censorship bars. In short, even given the staffs in hand, inadequate as they may be, there wasn't much evidence of journalistic guts or an appreciation that when a tourniquet is applied to the free circulation of news among nations, democracy dies below the knot. The executive editor of the A.P., in his comments, proves my very point when he timidly poses the question whether "any of your readers believe the Associated Press should try to send another U.S. correspondent into Prague as long as Bill Oatis is in jail?" Damn right I think the A.P. ought to try to get another man in! For my money the things we are fighting for in Korea are the same issues at stake in Czechoslovakia. If a patrol is sent out on the fighting front and fails to return we send out another and another. It is the way victories are molded. Is it unreasonable then to hope that the press would battle for its rights the same way?

My original article, as the reader

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will recall, was based on a country-by-country survey of the number of U.S. corespondents stationed abroad. To my knowledge it was the first census ever made of the foreign correspondent industry. Every effort was made to make an honest, factual evaluation. It was not intended that the press be handed a "brass check," *à la* Upton Sinclair, or to rattle bones in a closet *à la* George Seldes. I'm not a visionary or an outsider, but just a plain, realistic shirt-sleeve foreign editor who is worried over what he sees happening to our press coverage overseas. And in pointing up the facts as I see them I have tried to explain to the non-professional reader the background conditions that have brought about the withering of America's eyes and ears overseas and to point out how the condition is bad for our foreign relations and constitutes a real and present danger to our way of life.

Space doesn't allow a complete answer to those who seek to nullify my contentions regarding inadequate global staffing by implying that my figures regarding prewar, wartime, and postwar coverage are inaccurate. For the sake of bundling up this discussion let us discount all comparative figures and let us skip the side-issue whether the A.P., U.P., or INS keeps a part-time national or six full-timers in Timbuctu. Let us stick directly on the beam of present-day coverage.

I originally wrote that there were only 293 full-time American correspondents thinly spread around the globe. I said I arrived at this figure by making a census in the seventy countries in which my own news network (McGraw-Hill) maintains representatives. I back-checked my results with the key foreign editors, but recognizing the highly competitive situation that exists in the marketing of news, I agreed that the figures would not be disclosed individually or comparatively and that the back-check was only to determine the authenticity of the findings from abroad. In light of my promise I still do not feel at liberty to reveal the company-by-company comparative statistics. However, in his letter Alan Gould admits that the A.P. has ninety U.S. correspondents currently in its foreign service. Now it is no trade secret that U.P. and INS are much smaller organizations and that none of the large metropolitan dailies (except *The New York Times*), radio networks, or magazines have any staffs that come anywhere near the size of the press associations. Thus the reader doesn't have to be much of a mathematician to realize that the total of 293 correspondents figures to be pretty accurate.

And that number I submit is too, too few foreign correspondents to enable the people of the United States to follow what is going on abroad, to learn trends and developments in friendly and unfriendly countries, and to judge the actions of our foreign policy makers. The 293 figure is only a quantitive one. Begin weeding out the incompetents and you arrive at a qualitative figure so low that it is enough to frighten any editor. Or at least the intellectually honest ones.

RUSSELL F. ANDERSON.

New York, N. Y.

Music. *During the past quarter century an invigorating breeze has blown the pollen of music over the entirety of America. Symphony concerts and opera, once restricted to our largest cities, have now permeated to such relatively minor spots on the map as Waco, Texas, and Flint, Michigan. Two recent books examine this continuing musical expansion. A distinguished stage director, Herbert Graf, examines new operatic buds in "Opera for the People" (see below), and a sociologist, John H. Mueller, analyzes a burgeoning institution in "The American Symphony Orchestra" (page 29). Musical initiates who can cope with fairly technical language will want to look into "The Nature of Music," by the conductor Hermann Scherchen. For the general reader there is "Great Composers: Through the Eyes of Their Contemporaries," a good candidate for a Christmas gift list, as is also Jacques Barzun's anthology "Pleasures of Music" (to be reviewed in a subsequent issue).*

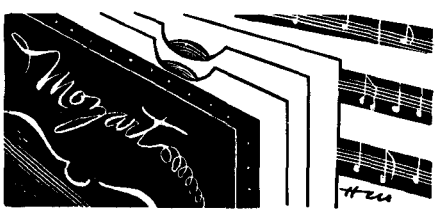
Blueprints for Musical Drama

OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE. By Herbert Graf. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 289 *pp.* $5.

By ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

MR. GRAF has served as operatic stage director in practically every town in the United States where they know the difference between the "Toreador Song" and "Come On-a My House." In recent years he has seen the confused, planless stirrings of a great new movement in American opera, and he has written this book in an effort to give it a head, a direction, and a resounding cheer.

Nearly all of Mr. Graf's text is taken up with a description of the goings-on he has witnessed. On the one side is the grand-style "museum opera" as practised by a few big companies, notably those of New York, San Francisco, and Cincinnati. On the other side are the community opera ventures, like those of Flint, Mich., and Central City, Colo.; the numerous operatic workshops in the colleges; the Broadway experiments with opera in productions like "Street Scene" and "The Consul"; television opera; and, finally, opera in the films. "Museum opera" (this phrase is not Mr. Graf's) continues to present a limited repertoire of "standard classics" in the same old-fashioned way year in and year out. Opera as presented elsewhere is likely to be much more venturesome, with new and more vital ideas of staging, repertoire, and personnel.



This new movement is quite real, and it is remarkable in its extent. To quote Mr. Graf, "The number of major resident opera companies has not increased, nor have they, beset with continual struggle against inadequate financing, departed to any appreciable extent from the old standard repertoire or from traditional and routine methods of production. But in the decade following the outbreak of World War II the number of smaller community opera groups doubled to reach 150, and more than fifty opera workshops came into being. And of about 100 operas presented by these groups in the 1947-48 season, more than twenty-five, given some 500 performances, were by contemporary composers."

The new groups, however, rest on no firmer foundations than the old, if on foundations half as firm. Mr. Graf therefore provides a series of "blueprints" whereby their future can be rendered somewhat less problematical than it is at present. These "blueprints" differ from each other only in detail: they are all variations of the idea that a given community's total musical resources be mobilized and apportioned to grand opera, light opera, and orchestral concerts at different times of the year.

Something remotely like this is already in effect in San Francisco, where the opera and the symphony orchestra are under one management; furthermore, plans for a thoroughgoing reorganization of San Francisco's musi-

Alfred Frankenstein is music critic of The San Francisco Chronicle.

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cal life along lines strikingly like those of Mr. Graf's "blueprints" have often been discussed. It is worth noting, however, that this approximation of Mr. Graf's progressive ideal in operatic management comes from one of the old-fashioned "museum" companies. The Bing regime at the Metropolitan also offers evidence that the old-line companies need not forever be impervious to new ideas in staging.

Mr. Graf, whose book was published on October 18, observes that "the repeal of the 20 per cent Federal admissions tax that loomed as a bright prospect in the spring of 1950 has so far proved illusory. Some idea of what it would mean appears from the fact that this tax for the 1949-50 season came within a few thousand dollars of equaling the entire [Metropolitan] season's deficit of about $430,000." Nine days after the book appeared the Government announced the repeal of that 20 per cent tax to take effect on November 1. Mr. Bing, presumably, now has his 400,000-odd dollars, and this may forthwith have tremendous effect on "opera for the people."

One of the most attractive features of Mr. Graf's volume is its series of 104 plates illustrating new and old ideas in staging, costuming, the construction of opera houses, and so on.

Contemporary Viewpoints

GREAT COMPOSERS: Through the Eyes of Their Contemporaries. Edited by Otto Zoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 510 pp. $6.

By C. G. BURKE

THE ATTEMPT is to reveal, to illuminate, something of the characteristic essence of twenty-four composers by recourse to the preserved words of some of their contemporaries. The requirements of the editor of such a compendium as this are exacting. He must have the general musical knowledge to permit his subjects to be placed in perspective. He needs diligence and experience in research if his book is not to be a mere tiresome repetition of stale matter, and he must have the perspicacity which will make his selections truly revelatory and apt. In the case of composers like Beethoven, Chopin, and Wagner, about whom a very voluminous contemporaneous documentation exists, the process of selection is obviously of the first importance; while for an older group consisting of men like Purcell, Bach, and Handel, on whom documentation hardly began until their death, there is no selective process at all. The editor reprints whatever scraps he can find, and in the present volume they are necessarily meager.

As a whole, Mr. Zoff has succeeded pretty well in filtering for his readers a presentation of contemporaneous comment strongly illustrative of the nature of most of these composers. Mozart is not very vivid in the papers offered; but Beethoven, through the eyes of Czerny, Bettina von Arnim, Spohr, Freudenberg, Grillparzer, and Anselm Hüttenbrenner, is seized characteristically, as are Berlioz, Verdi, Brahms, and Mussorgsky. Mr. Zoff has sketched curt outlines of the lives of these composers to make the contemporaneous commentary more intelligible or more interesting; and here the evidence indicates a natural and basic uncertainty as to just what audience his book should aspire.

For if the volume is addressed primarily to persons of a considerable musical culture, they will know most of the contents already; and if the intent is to instil an interest in the men who wrote the music in the minds of those who like the music but know little about it, the editor's recourse would most reasonably have been to sources he has not extensively used here—the standard biographies, the collections of musical anecdotes, mostly spurious, and the romanticizations, understandable but invidious, which abound in the romantic art of music and attempt to make the composer's face and soul resemble his music. The two potential audiences are simply not compatible, and the editor seems to waver between them, not aware that in wooing one he may repel another. A certain brew is advertised on the air as "A *man's* coffee! Heady, rich!"; and then, intimidated by his own appeal, the announcer hastens to ruin its effect by adding: "And women love it too."

It seems that the value of this book will be for those music-lovers who have not read much about music. It has a smaller interest for students and professionals, because it is not complete enough to serve as a book of reference, and half of its musical material must be pretty familiar to students worthy of the name. Its greatest service should be as an apéritif for other musical writing, for it is undeniably alive and fascinating to those for whom its contents are new.

C. G. Burke is a co-author of the forthcoming "SRL Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, submits a quiz concerning ten famous literary characters in whose stories dreams played an important part. Can you name the characters and the authors who dreamed them up? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. His beloved appeared to him in a dream bearing the good tidings that his death sentence was to be commuted to life imprisonment.
2. This lover of humanity dreamed of peace.
3. After awakening from a hypnotic sleep of a 113 years, this Bostonian had great difficulty in distinguishing dreams from reality.
4. Marooned for three years on an island he "dreamed many a long night about cheese — toasted mostly."
5. With the mental observation that the weather was too hot to pick daisies for a chain, this little girl fell asleep and began a long dream in which a white rabbit played a leading role.
6. She dreamed that a cyclone had carried her to a strange country where she spent most of her time trying to get back to her home in Kansas.
7. In a nightmare on the eve of her husband's murder, she saw his statue gushing blood like a fountain.
8. Compelled by a snowstorm to spend the night in his landlord's weird house, he dreamed that a child named Catherine stood outside his window, begging to be let in.
9. Rendered unconscious by a blow on the head, this nineteenth-century New Englander came to in sixth-century Camelot.
10. Her husband having been lost at sea for ten years, she dreamed one night that he was sitting under a palm tree singing in the sun.

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Musical Evolution

THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: A Social History of Musical Taste. By John H. Mueller. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. 437 *pp.* $6.

By Hans Rosenwald

A SOCIOLOGIST who feels attracted to music here sketches the profiles of the major orchestras of this country, giving their history and surveying their repertory in an endeavor to show the evolutions of, and fluctuations in, America's musical taste. Mueller contends that the American symphony orchestra, which has been in existence for about a century and therefore should "yield historical perspective," is more indicative of America "than is any other phase of serious music."

The social evolution of such organizations as the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society and similar institutions in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia—the study limits itself to orchestras whose history is "of sufficient length," a minimum of twenty-five years—is eloquently and, on the whole, dispassionately described. The value of the book—primarily to laymen, secondarily to musicologists, critics, and social scientists—lies in such descriptions. Furthermore, such researches in the social functions of arts as Mueller undertakes, based on the assumption that esthetic taste is considerably less mystical than is commonly believed, must be welcome in a time when historians of music, taking for granted that societies of various ages are homogeneous entities, still pay generous tribute to the Hegelian *Zeitgeist*. Many of these historians, as this author justifiably complains, read the spirit of the time from a few prominent facts which they then integrate into an "exaggerated unity."

On the other hand, esthetic problems scarcely are this particular sociologist's domain. What to Mueller is a "snobbish observer," the "extravagant notice," the "best press," is never made clear, and why he says that *all* conductors edit scores and modify instrumentation is less so. One may believe that Theodore Thomas was the first American symphonic conductor "in a modern disciplined sense," but doubt that he was always "faithful to the score," "literal." And

John H. Mueller—informative, enlightening.

how can we reconcile Frederick Stock, who, according to Mueller, was a man with "no national reputation for stylistic or distinctive readings," with the other attributes given him in this book, those of a "*scholarly, reliable* and *substantial* interpreter admired by his audiences and respected by his men"? Criticism, according to Mueller, is characterized by mutability of standards. We agree, and Mueller himself furnishes telling proof when he states that "about half of the forty-one symphonies" (of Mozart) are, in his opinion, "immature and casual compositions, certainly not worthy of symphonic designation."

The discussions toward the end of the book in which the author takes up such questions as the relation of orchestras to the community, to the nation, etc., are most informative and will enlighten those wondering whether music today is "a victim of economic processes." The American symphony orchestra, it is clearly outlined, is of necessity a "parasitic" industry. Mueller also believes that the merit of a composition does not just reside "within it." Those who know that musical composition and enjoyment are in the largest sense "a craft of Man" will require no consolation in our modern situation with respect to the appreciation of musicians. Neither do they need to escape into "the currently prevailing myth that great composers of the past were not appreciated in their day." In these and similar explanations of social situations and sociological principles rather than in purely esthetic and artistic verdicts lies the excellence of this broad, practical, and novel study.

Hans Rosenwald is editor of Music News *and dean of the Chicago Musical College.*

Artistic Creation

THE NATURE OF MUSIC. By Hermann Scherchen. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 195 *pp.* $3.75.

By Rudolph Reti

THIS is a strange book which the celebrated conductor has launched upon the musical world. From a strictly rational and, for that matter, musicological point of view its whole outline and texture appear almost disarmingly improvisational or perhaps, as Edward Dent in his enlightening preface puts it, even bewildering. Nevertheless, the reader who does not mind fighting his way to the depths of Scherchen's investigation and is willing to jump over centuries and fill in the gaps with conclusions from his own background will be rewarded by an abundance of stimulating suggestions.

In a fascinating evolutional summarization the author attempts to uncover the hidden link between science and art, between the acoustical phenomenon and musical creation. He starts with Sauveur, that almost mystic figure of the late seventeenth century, who, deaf and mute, became the discoverer of musical acoustics. From Sauveur he turns to Rameau and Bach, to Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, flitting enroute to Ravel, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg. As to the "nature of music" the book can hardly be said to furnish an actual answer but rather it poses many provocative questions, endeavoring to conquer the subject not only from the stylistic, historical, and esthetic viewpoint but also at times from its social and even metaphysical aspects. In this endeavor Scherchen, the author, holds us under the same spell of dynamism as does Scherchen, the conductor, through his performances and famous rehearsals.

Truly moving is the book's emphasis on the Bach chorale "Vor Deinen Thron tret' ich hiermit" ("I herewith step before Thy throne"). Scherchen reminds us how this fateful tune accompanied Bach throughout his lifetime; in early years sung as a simple chorale in symmetric rhythm and note against note harmonization; thirty years later re-emerging in profound transformation as his last musical utterance in the "Art of the Fugue." Even had Scherchen confined his inquiry to an analysis of this idea alone, through which one more clue to the creative mystery of Bach's unfathomable personality is provided, his book would constitute a valuable contribution.

Rudolph Reti is the author of "The Thematic Process in Music."

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—Culver Service.

Hart and Rodgers (at piano) some years back—"impudently American."

Tribute to Collaboration

THE RODGERS AND HART SONG-BOOK. Edited by Richard Rodgers. New York: Simon & Schuster. 243 *pp.* $7.50.

By Melville Cane

RODGERS and Hart offer the most effective refutation of the notion that the 1920's were symbolized by the young people in the fiction of Scott Fitzgerald. The name of their first important bid for recognition is significant, "The Garrick Gaieties." For the dominant mood *is* gaiety—carefree, gleeful, fantastic, unjaded, undissipated. And the same mood persisted, untarnished by either cynicism or vulgarity, throughout the entire twenty-four years of their eventful collaboration.

It may be safely asserted that Rodgers and Hart revolutionized the musical show in America. Avoiding the artificial routines of the Viennese school of sweetish operetta, they went enthusiastically native. They were joyously, breezily, impudently American.

Their collaboration was indeed a marriage of true minds, a fusion of lyrical sensibilities such as we had never before enjoyed in its fulness. To us, seated in the orchestra or balcony, the subtlety of their achievement, the infinite labor for the right word wedded to the right musical note, was never felt. Verbal intricacy, melodic ingenuity, were so cunningly contrived that the result seemed spontaneous, effortless, and effervescent.

This handsome book owes its being to the affection of Richard Rodgers for his old partner. "I think," he quietly says, "Mr. Hart deserves a memorial. It is true that his songs are sung many thousands of times a day, in theatres, on records, on radios, and on people's tongues, but this book will put them in people's hands." And Oscar Hammerstein adds a generous tribute both to his lyrical predecessor and to the art of his fellow-craftsman, Richard Rodgers.

The volume is far more than a collection of forty-seven delightful pieces of sheet music. It is enriched with an informative text by Margery Darrell, who with just the right nostalgic note gives us the background of the collaboration as well as a retrospective picture of the times. And, as the blurb truthfully proclaims, there are five full-page, brilliantly colored paintings and eighty-two black-and-white drawings made especially for the occasion by the talented Doris Lee.

If you don't own a piano you'd better buy one to go with this book. Then play the songs: "Manhattan," "My Heart Stood Still," "There's a Small Hotel," "Where or When," and all the others, and as you play them sing the happy words along with your children and grandchildren.

Melville Cane is a poet and lyrist, and a member of the New York law firm of Ernst, Cane, and Berner.

Musical Blind Spot

TUNING AND TEMPERAMENT: A Historical Survey. By J. Murray Barbour. East Lansing: Michigan State College Press. 228 *pp.* $4.

By Peter Yates

TEMPERAMENT, the theory of tuning ratios and their effect on harmony, color, texture, and musical style, is a blind spot in present day musicology, avoided by historians, unknown to musicians.

Two reasons may be suggested: to approach temperament along the path of theory requires a good grasp of mathematics; to approach it in practice requires learning the many ways to tune a keyboard instrument. Musicians assume that equal temperament, our own tuning system, as an end-product of historical growth must be the best. A mathematically conceived system of equally related impure intervals, tuned by formula, its usefulness is better than its sound. Its chief historical competitor, meantone temperament, based upon pure diatonic thirds equally divided, easier to tune by ear, was in use three hundred years (1550-1850). Both have been known from ancient times.

The unequal ratios of meantone gave every key an individual color and a distinct voice, giving rise to the theory of Affections. In some keys certain intervals had to be avoided or one note dropped from chords. These were called "Wolf" intervals, because their overtones howled. Many means were devised to get rid of the "Wolf."

One method involved altering some sharps or flats according to the key, quickly accomplished on harpsichord or clavichord. Or progressively sharpening major thirds while flattening the fifths, to gain some advantages of equal temperament while preserving the meantone distinction among keys. This latter method produced what Sebastian Bach called a "Well-Tempered" tuning, between a sharpened meantone and equal temperament. "In practice," K. P. E. Bach asserts, "a keyboard so tuned is the purest of all instruments. . . . The keyboard plays equally well in all twenty-four tonalities and, mark well, with full chords, notwithstanding that these, because of their ratios, reveal a very slight impurity."

Theorizing about temperament is likewise an ancient practice. Among such musician-theorists may be named Zarlino, Schlick, Aron, Marpurg, Neidhardt, Werckmeister, and Rameau;

(*Continued on page* 39)

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GREAT AMERICANS

(*Continued from page 17*)

licized of Americans. His mind was both subtle and devious, but his genius bore a universal cast, approaching that of Franklin and unequaled by any other of his contemporaries. His reading was omnivorous, his energy inexhaustible, his curiosity without limit. His many-faceted nature is faithfully reflected in the vast body of his writings, but the emphasis is where it became a son of the Enlightenment to place it—on the study of man in society.

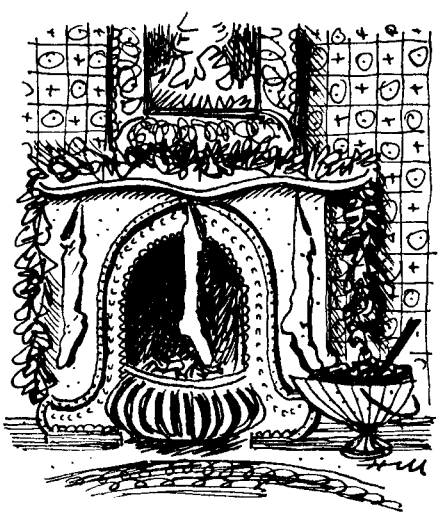
In Mr. Schachner's work the complexities and endless contradictions of Jefferson's character are brought out in clear relief with no attempt to explain away or even to reconcile the conflicts. The portrait painted for us stresses Jefferson's physical vigor, his fondness for horses, his insatiable acquisitiveness for books and scientific gadgets, his expansive love of good living. Yet we see him also jealous of his architectural skill and possessed of an almost feminine sensitiveness to criticism of his political views and acts. We see him as the great partisan leader who was yet ever ready to quit the fray when the going became hardest, withdrawing to his beloved Monticello to lick his wounds while he sent detailed and often brilliant instructions to Madison or to some other lieutenant for recapturing the field. Then, having imbibed new strength from contact with the soil, he would return, calm and confident once more, to take command.

None of Jefferson's weaknesses are glossed over: his petulance, his vanity, his tendency to shun personal conflict, his eagerness to believe the worst of a political foe and his implacable hostility toward those he placed in that category, his willingness to conceal, to deny, to tell half-truths to serve political ends. But we are also shown the great humanitarian, who believed to the bottom of his soul in the freedom of the human mind and who fought for it valiantly to the very end of his long life with the weapons he handled most adroitly—the written word, quiet persuasion, and his own towering example. Mr. Schachner has more sympathy with the educator and crusader for religious freedom, and even with the book-collector, than he has with the politician.

These volumes contribute nothing new to our knowledge of the great Virginian, and in spite of the author's careful citations to manuscript sources his debt to those who have plowed the Jeffersonian fields before him—especially to Dumas Malone, Marie Kimball, and Adrienne Koch—is probably greater than he acknowledges. Though errors are very minor, they are of a nature to raise some question as to sources. In one case, for example, he quotes as a "hitherto unpublished letter" one that may be found in at least two of the volumes listed in his own bibliography, including the most widely used edition of Jefferson's writings.

Yet Mr. Schachner has done a skilful job of synthesizing and has given us a full, readable, and generally faithful narrative of events. He is most at home in the two decades following 1790, where his own earlier studies contribute to his understanding and make him more critical than Jefferson biographers are apt to be. He is at his best on the personal side, where the story of Jefferson's family and of his lavish and sometimes unfortunate friendships is well and fully told. Throughout his mature life Jefferson built almost compulsively and bought whatever pleased his fancy, adding enormously to his inherited load of debt. His preoccupation with agriculture and his obsession with the University of Virginia form the backdrop for chapters on the years of Jefferson's retirement, where the subterranean influence of the already legendary ex-President on the course of political history and his last great battle with the Supreme Court are only lightly touched.

The picture of Jefferson that finally emerges from these pages is that of a transitional figure in whom an eighteenth-century belief in the perfectability of human nature and a nineteenth-century pragmatism are blended in equal parts. Yet overriding both was the unshaken faith in the worth and dignity of man that lies at the basis of all democratic thought.



Bookmarks

A novelist is in a position to work off almost any gripe he chooses without impairing the flow of his story. Thus, in "Secret," which is all about the war between the physicists and the United States Army, Michael Amrine, the author, has two of his characters look out of a window in Baltimore "at a street badly lighted by one of the worst municipal lighting systems in America." This deficiency had evidently been annoying Mr. Amrine for some time, but there was nothing he could do about it until he wrote his novel.

* * *

A character in Charley Robertson's Kentucky-Detroit prohibition-era novel, "Shadow of a Cloud," disguises his voice over the telephone by drawing his head "forward and down until his chin was pressing against the knot in his tie. He had read somewhere that this gave depth to the voice." We cite this as an example of the odds and ends of useful information that get tucked away in the least likely places.

* * *

In Ian Niall's "The Deluge," a novel about high water and hell to pay in Wales, there is a tin-horn blackmailer who likes to pretend he has been in the States. "Most of his stories," Mr. Niall informs us, "were peppered with the words 'saloon,' 'elevated,' and 'bell-hop,' because he had made a careful study of American pulp magazines while serving as a warehouse night-watchman." The magazines could hardly have been a recent crop. The elevated, both thing and word, is going the way of the trolley-car, and "saloon" is about as archaic as "farthingale."

* * *

A novelist who invents newspaper stories and, worse yet, newspaper headlines (a trap into which some compulsion too frequently drives him) would do well to show his handiwork to a good run-of-the-desk copy-reader. Almost invariably these fictional productions read like the desperate fumblings of a student who is about to be flunked out of a school of journalism. On the whole, it seems to us that novelists in general ought to go in for a good deal more consultation than they actually do. Fiction, after all, is supposed to read real.

* * *

Diversion for a rainy Sunday: Construct all the words you can using only the letters ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ. —J. T. W.

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Seeing Things

FRACTURED FRENCH

IN HIS preface to "Ring Round the Moon" Peter Brook pointed out how much most foreign plays, especially French comedies, lose in English adaptations. Since he had turned to Christopher Fry for the version he needed of Jean Anouilh's "L'Invitation au Château," he had found an inspired solution to a venerable problem. It is not enough, Mr. Brook contended, to have a manager interested, to find the right designer, or to employ some actors. "All these things are nothing," said he, "they neither exist, nor have any chance of existing, without an adaptation of the play that recaptures its quality in English."

Had he been describing "Gigi,"* the comedy Anita Loos has made from Colette's novel, he could not have spotted more accurately the evening's major trouble. Yet in the case of "Gigi" I suspect Mr. Brook would have to add to his list of difficulties. He would be compelled to admit that the director's touch is as important as the translator's ear. Doubtless he would also concede that actors, no less than authors, are adapters. They, too, can subtract from the Gallic quality of a text or situation by being unable to subdue what is resolutely British or American in their personalities. When the adaptation, the direction, and the acting all fail to recapture the spirit and quality of the original, the damage done can be fatal.

It is a pity that this triple failure occurs in "Gigi," because the true stuffs of comedy, no matter how stifled, are plainly present. They make themselves felt even when, in line after line, scene after scene, and in most of the performances, they do not emerge. They are there, sensed as unmistakably as a person hidden in a room which appears to be empty.

Beyond question the story Colette tells is a delectable one. It is unorthodox in its subject matter, worldly in high comedy's fashion in its basic point of view, and Parisian to the core. Its concern is the way in which a charming young girl, brought up by a family of proud cocottes to be somebody's mistress, upsets the well-made plans of her female relatives by marrying, instead of living with, one of the richest bachelors in Paris.

Such a situation, with its reversal of expected values and its audacities approached with wit, should guarantee an evening of sophisticated delight. Those who saw the French film of "Gigi" swear it was uproariously funny. Those who have read Colette's novel in the original insist it was even funnier. How funny "Gigi" could be on Broadway is, as I have hinted, manifest from curtain rise to curtain fall. But where its wit ought to sparkle, it flickers and fades, proving only that the light which should and could have been there has gone out.

That Colette must be difficult to translate or adapt I do not deny. Her novels have never had the same impact in English that they had in French. All of us have long known her by name, but only those who know French, and know it well, have understood why she is so highly esteemed in France.

Mr. Brook in the preface already referred to reminded us, with the highest echelons of French literature in mind, that Molière and Racine have defied a thousand adaptations. Colette, in her own way and on her own level, apparently belongs to the company of outstanding French writers who are too French ever to leave France. What we lose by having only smatterings of forgotten college French at our command, Glenway Wescott makes clear in the brilliant introduction he has written for the recent one-volume English reprint of six of Colette's short novels.* Mr. Wescott salutes Colette as being, since the death of Proust and Gide, "the greatest living French fiction-writer."

AFTER giving a vivid account of Colette's career, Mr. Wescott successfully attacks the problem of describing her style. Sensuousness, elegance, brevity, and clarity are among the features he touches upon, these and "those turns of phrase, speedy and forceful and neat, and with a sense of fun, for which the French have the word *esprit*." "On many a page her meaning really resides in the mode of utterance rather than in the terms of statement; the nuance is all-signifying, as in poetry; and it loses heartbreakingly in translation as poetry does." No wonder, in his valiant attempts to net the butterfly, Mr. Wescott compares Colette's prose to dancing because its disci-

**GIGI, a comedy by Anita Loos, adapted from Colette's novel. Directed by Raymond Rouleau. Settings by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Gilbert Miller. With Audrey Hepburn, Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, Josephine Brown, Bertha Belmore, Francis Compton, and Doris Patston. At the Fulton Theatre, New York City. Opened November 24, 1951.*

**SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE. With an introduction by Glenway Wescott. New York: The Dial Press. 733 pp. $5.*

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Audrey Hepburn and Cathleen Nesbitt—"worldly in high comedy's fashion."

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RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 ST.
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pline and muscularity are "altogether disguised by gracefulness."

Perhaps, considering what is beyond duplication or replacement in Colette's writing, Anita Loos should not be blamed too severely for the flatness of her adaptation. It must be confessed, however, that her English has no sheen, that it is unprecise, and that her words give no pleasure as words. Again and again one imagines how a line would have ended had Colette written it, and waits in vain for the anticipated bell to ring.

If the ears are cheated in this Broadway version of "Gigi," the eyes most certainly are not. Gilbert Miller's production is a lavish one, lovingly made with genuine faith in the comedy. No feature of the evening is as delightful and authentically French as are Raymond Sovey's settings, and none is more beguiling than his entr'-acte curtains. But unfortunately his settings are inhabited by tourists rather than natives. Raymond Rouleau, who has been imported to direct, has apparently decided that, instead of staging the comedy as he would in Paris, he must Americanize it by making it as frenetic as a George Abbott farce. As for the actors, most of them, though they try diligently to look French, seem just about as Parisian as any group of diners at any Longchamps restaurant right here on Manhattan.

To my surprise I found myself disappointed even in Cathleen Nesbitt's playing of the queenly cocotte. Miss Nesbitt could not be more regal or attractive in manner. Yet it seems to me that she fails to do justice to "Gigi's" best scene. I mean the scene in which, as a successful demimondaine, she gives her innocent niece a lesson in the value of precious stones and the kind of jewelry a girl should demand of a man. Clearly this is an admirable bit of comic writing, very similar in the spirit of its nonsense to the Lady Bracknell-John Worthing proposal scene in "The Importance of Being Earnest." Although it needs to be read with all the poise and drollery Edith Evans would have brought to it, Miss Nesbitt plays it nervously, substituting noise for wit.

The one completely satisfying performance in "Gigi" is Audrey Hepburn's enchanting playing of the title part. Even Monsieur Rouleau's wearisome attempts to make her too hoydenish in the first act cannot detract from the charm, the intelligence, the rightness, indeed the "Frenchness" of Miss Hepburn's contribution.

The sad truth is that the evening as a whole represents an unsmiling addition to "Fractured French."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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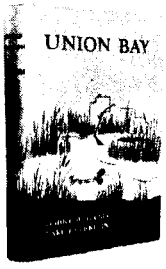

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NEW EDITIONS

DUTTON has recently published "Indian Summer" in the pleasing format of the American Editions of Everyman's Library ($1.45), to remind us that William Dean Howells is still, among American writers, the unsurpassed master of urbane comedy. In this novel the author's beautiful but economical depiction of his scene is flawless; Florence—where one feels "the slight but insinuating cold of the southern winter, gathering in the shade and dispersing in the sun"—is a living background for the characters who hold the stage. And these characters are fine specimens of Howells's art. Indeed, we would be hard put to it to find in another American novel a mature woman, a girl on the threshold of womanhood, and a child, as perfectly and charmingly realized as are Mrs. Bowen, Imogene Graham, and Effie; while Colville, who means so much to all three, who is still capable of cherishing momentarily the illusion that he is only as old as he feels, is a hero in whose attractive composition there is just the right amount—and no more—of heroism. As for the dialogue, it is a confluence of easily flowing, sparkling streams, with the right words always in the right places. No wonder that Howells rated "Indian Summer" as the best of his novels. But the most popular, of course, is "The Rise of Silas Lapham," now available in the Modern Library ($1.25), with an introduction by Henry Hayden Clark. (There is an unfortunate slip of the pen in this thoughtful introduction—"Coreys" for "Laphams"—that should be corrected in future printings.) Howells's story of a self-made man and his newly rich family is a penetrating, compassionate study of character and social and moral values; it is an enduring work of realism that showed the way to its author's juniors; it is absorbing fiction. In the last few chapters, however, there is a failure of proportion that must disturb a careful reader. But perhaps this is too confident a statement, in view of the fact that most critics seem to have overlooked the fault.

Other new Everyman's American editions are "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," "The Mirror of Perfection," and St. Bonaventure's "Life of St. Francis," in one volume; Descartes's "A Discourse on Method" and "The Principles of Philosophy," also in a single volume; and Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." Other recent additions to the Modern Library are "The Short Stories of Saki," introduced by Christopher Morley, reprinted from Viking's 1930 plates; Conrad's "Nostromo," with a long introduction by Robert Penn Warren; and Proust's "The Past Recaptured," translated by Frederick A. Blossom. The well-known, well-loved Franciscan classics are happily grouped, with an introduction to the *Fioretti* by Father Damian J. Blaher.

Descartes is, of course, one of the great milestone figures of Western thought; but his mind was divided by the claims of religion and science, and he speaks to most of us from a vast distance when he declares: "I have accurately observed that there is exceedingly little which is known with certainty respecting corporeal objects—that we know much more of the human mind, and still more of God himself." Mary Ellen Chase makes an astute suggestion in her introduction to "Far from the Madding Crowd"—a popular novel flawed by melodrama and incredibility—when she writes: "I am inclined to believe that Hardy conceived it as a poetic invention with a mediocre story thrown in so that his numerous readers, led on by suspense, might become at least partially aware of his real purpose." Saki (H. H. Munro) passes with banners flying one of the sure tests of survival-value: he provides a kind of entertainment found in no other writer. Years ago, in a warm bath, I composed this irregular couplet—"Of all the books by the *genus Homo*/ The dullest beginning is that of *Nostromo*." But Robert Penn Warren does the novel more thorough justice when he says that in it "Conrad endeavoured to create a great, massive, multiphase symbol that would render his total vision of the world, his sense of individual destiny, his sense of man's place in nature, his sense of history and society." "The Past Recaptured" completes the Modern Library edition of "Remembrance of Things Past."

Sydney Joseph's clever, satirical illustrations make the Hermitage House "Candide" (limited edition; reduced to $3.75) one of the most delightful of the numberless editions of Voltaire's masterpiece.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

SEISMOGRAPH OF THE SOUL

PITCHED in a key opposite to that of his "Bicycle Thief," Vittorio de Sica's "Miracle in Milan" has much the same thing to say. Only the form is different, but different to the point of extreme rarity—for precedents I can dredge up only "The Last Laugh" and René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" and, back before the invention of films, one Jonathan Swift, with his modest proposals and shortest ways with dissenters. Among these associations that with "The Last Laugh" seems to me most apt. When F. W. Murnau had brought the story of the old hotel porter to its inevitable and dreadful outcome Ufa ordered him to tack on a happy ending. Since nothing could really save the old man from his humiliating fate, Murnau, with delicate scorn, made him fall heir to millions of good American dollars. Just so with De Sica: since there is no room for his unemployed on earth he takes them to heaven. Off they ride on their broomsticks, high over the cathedral of Milan, leaving the rest of us to gape at them as they soar towards "a kingdom where Good Morning really means Good Morning."

This is realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. Having said so much, I am tempted to say no more. "Miracle in Milan" is destined to become a fashionable topic this winter, and I shudder in anticipation of all the solemn nonsense the cocktails will evoke. But if the most interesting thing about the movies is the thoughts that come to you while watching them then perhaps none of us should be begrudged our nonsense (only I hope it won't be solemn because the picture isn't). For this is a picture to go on thinking about. After you have seen it it comes to live with you, and as you turn it over in your mind it shines and darkens, beckons and withdraws. And, like the best music and poetry, gives up its meanings slowly.

—*From "Miracle in Milan."*

"this is realism upside-down . . ."

Because its language is the language of the eye, to verbalize its meanings is to run the risk of tearing their fabric apart. The basic facts are these: the film is based on a popular Italian novel, "Toto the Good." Toto, whom we see as boy and man, is a "child of God," one of the classic simpletons whom a long literary tradition has used to symbolize pure goodness. He comes to live in a sort of Hooverville, a city dump near the edge of Milan, and here his innocent humanity raises the spirits of the frustrated, envious, and (with reason) hopeless unemployed who cling to life there. But when to the power of Toto's inherent goodness is added that of a miraculous dove, which his dead mother sends from heaven, trouble begins. The earthly paradise he creates for his paupers attracts the cupidity of the rich, who invoke authority to take the dump away from its wretched inhabitants. The hilarious battle which follows is won by the police, and Toto, having no place else to take his unfortunates, uses his miraculous powers for the last time to take them to heaven.

This is about all, and in itself it's nothing new, though a great deal of pother will probably be made about it. In Italy the film was called both Communist and Fascist, depending upon where you sat. As to the former I have never seen a Communist film which contained any such scene as the one in which the exit of a richly-gowned woman from a theatre evokes applause from the poverty-stricken bystanders. They applaud because her gown is so beautiful! Neither can I take seriously the charge that the picture somehow gives aid and comfort to the extreme Right; its satiric portrait of an industrialist, though gently humorous, is as pointed as a needle. I am very much afraid that Signor Vittorio de Sica is that devilishly unpigeonholable figure, a man who puts goodness and kindness before everything else and who believes that a man cannot find goodness and kindness under any label or through any organization, human or divine, but only within himself. If this be what is in his mind it has indeed been said before but on what unimpeachable authority!

I only wish I knew how to describe the quality of experience, hovering deliciously between tears and laughter, which the film's images and pattern provide. This is one of the times, and how seldom they come, when the reviewer ought to shed his magisterial robes and simply say, *I can't describe this film; see it for yourself.* Monographs will eventually be written about its place in film history and it will inevitably find its way into all the film museums, but, for the kind of comfort it offers, the need is now. And comfort, as well as delight, it does provide. A man who uses a mass medium to express his convictions must often wear a profusion of disguises and speak in parables lest the vials of wrath be unstoppered. Vittorio de Sica's disguises are as the Emperor's new clothes, and his parables could be interpreted by children. I for one will always be grateful to this wise and brave film-maker for renewing my belief that the movie can be, not just the favorite toy of a disintegrating age, but a seismograph of the soul.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SRL Recommends

Miracle in Milan: Reviewed in this issue.

The Big Night: The tragic coming-of-age of an adolescent boy among people knocked down and run over by urban life. Brilliantly directed and played. (***SRL*** Dec. 8.)

A Christmas Carol: With the most wonderful Scrooge of all—Alastair Sim. (*SRL* Dec. 1.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee William's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

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Music to My Ears

PHILHARMONIC MILESTONE – MORE GUEDEN AND PETERS – OTHERS

THIS IS the week of the Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra's five-thousandth concert, an event which calls for general congratulations of the sort one tenders to any hardy veteran. Almost any reminders of permanence are welcome in a mutable world, and the attainment of this fine round number is surely a proof of the blessed virtue of continuity which has distinguished the Philharmonic since its founding in 1841.

Our acquaintance with the Philharmonic (*ante* Symphony) began in the early Twenties, when its Mengelberg (and then Toscanini and Furtwängler) gave it an eminence only later challenged by the upstarts from Philadelphia, eventually equaled and surpassed by the revitalized oldsters from Boston. Toscanini left the Philharmonic, and both its physical prowess and its artistic prestige declined; but not so the Boston after Koussevitzky or the Philadelphia after Stokowski.

Why the biggest population center in the world should have an orchestra surpassed by at least two others in the near vicinity is a question for the Philharmonic board to answer, not for me. One conductor with whom I have discussed it said that the musicians play with only half a mind, because it is only half a job; that living in New York is so expensive that all have to spend time at other jobs (or teaching) which leave them with a "going-through-the-motions" attitude for the concerts. His own orchestra in a large Western center gave him far more attention for less effort, he implied.

This may be part of the problem, but it isn't all of it. My respect for Dimitri Mitropoulos as a master of musical legerdemain is considerable, but the increasing evidence is that he has neither the breadth of sympathies nor the intensive cultivation of any special area to be a satisfactory conductor for the number of weeks required of a Philharmonic resident conductor. I would be more reassured if now and then, if only infrequently, he made the same impression with a simple piece that he invariably makes with a complicated one. Or if, for once, the palette of color showed something other than the uniform battleship gray of his musical armor.

Man for man, the Philharmonic is as expert a group of musicians as the world can provide; but its expertise has reached the point of dangerous facility. Nothing is harder than playing three concerts every week (often four) than playing three concerts a week with enthusiasm, esprit, and a sensitive eagerness. The Philharmonic requires a conductor who will not only keep the men's minds on the job, but also put their hearts into it. It's not always the first hundred years that are the hardest—especially with orchestras.

* * *

What's happening, concurrently, at the Metropolitan was better exemplified by the season's first performance of "Fledermaus" than almost anything that had preceded it. One approached it, frankly, in a somewhat apprehensive spirit. Would it be the old story of a one-season morning glory, left to fend for itself as well as it might, with a small bit of propping up here and there from a fresh personality in one part or another? Had the gags died of "normal causes" over the summer, the production lost its way between May and November?

The simple fact is that this first "Fledermaus" of its second season was better than any of its first. Eugene Ormandy was present to restore the magnificent musical order as before, and the "fresh personalities"—Hilde Gueden as Rosalinde and Blanche Thebom as Orlofsky—were stimulation to higher qualities, rather than mere props. In addition, John Brownlee (Falke), Patrice Munsel (Adele), and Charles Kullman (Eisenstein) recaptured all the gaiety and spirit they provided previously, plus an amount of practised ease that smooths over plot-joints and gives even the obvious a touch of the unexpected.

Whether all this would have come off quite so well without the stimulating presence of Gueden, I can't say; but she gave everybody, it seemed to me, a new sense of purpose with her artful, spirited playing of Rosalinde, and a new musical mark to shoot at with her inspired singing of the "Czardas." Purely as a musical feat, in self-assured vocalization, precise rhythm, and complete musical command, she made this splash of imported color just the highpoint Strauss intended. Her English was more than promising in its clarity: let us hope she stays here long enough to sing the part eventually in pure Brooklynese. As the Hungarian countess she introduced an accent which sounded to me oddly like a take-off on the way her Viennese colleague, Ljuba Welitch, sang the whole role.

Thebom's Orlofsky showed an unsuspected talent for comedy in this artist, whose whole dramatic resource is a revelation for one of such limited beginnings. Maria Karnilova and Socrates Birsky led a spirited balletic treatment of the "Acceleration" Waltz to which Ormandy gave powerfully rhythmic support. The whole venture attested to the soundness of Bing's Kanin - Dietz - Gerard Collaboration, and the durable values thereby evolved.

Also sound, if not yet durable, was Roberta Peters's first Gilda in a "Rigoletto" originally meant to introduce Genevieve Warner in this part. The two voices required of Gilda—florid in Act II, dramatic in Act III (Metropolitan style)—did not find Peters wanting, though the artistry to merge one smoothly with the other requires more experience than she presently possesses. She answered quite convincingly the challenge to dramatic temperament in the role with broad strokes of middle voice when necessary; in a season or two she should be able to stand up without flinching to the force of such tonal torrents as Warren and Tucker. Nell Rankin, as Maddalena, did not stir such confidence. The beauties of Berman's production increase with acquaintance.

* * *

IN BRIEF: An illuminating light on the virtuoso's career was shed by Yehudi Menuhin's recent appearance with the Little Orchestra conducted by Thomas Scherman in Town Hall. As soloist in Vaughan Williams's "Concerto Accademico" and the Second Rhapsody of Bela Bartók, he seemed altogether a more vital figure and a liver personality than he has in the plushier surroundings of Carnegie Hall, Brahms, and Beethoven. Having served his long apprenticeship to the classics, it could be that Menuhin will find a new stimulus and a personal orientation in such music of his own time. In addition to a harmless harp concerto by the Dutch composer Henri Zagwijn, Scherman provided a lively assortment of Ravel ("Tombeau de Couperin"), Thomson ("Louisiana Story"), and Piston ("Divertimento for Nine Instruments") that was more nearly timeless than such timely programs customarily are.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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TV and Radio

PROGRESS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME

BROADCASTING'S greatest magic is its ability to eliminate space and time: that is why radio-TV's most memorable moments are not drama, music, comedy, quiz, nor even historic news reports. Broadcasting's most memorable moments are special events—the dirigible *Hindenburg* exploding, the Franklin D. Roosevelt funeral cortege, the Kefauver hearings, the Giant-Dodger play-offs, Princess Elizabeth at Washington, etc.

"See It Now," the new Edward R. Murrow-Fred W. Friendly series (CBS-TV, Sundays), is television's first affirmatively interesting "news review" program because, curiously enough, it originally and imaginatively creates the illusion that it is not news at all, which it largely is, but special events, which it is not.

"Hear It Now," the 1951 Murrow-Friendly collaboration in radio "news review" (now no longer aired), was widely acclaimed as successful broadcast journalism. This reviewer dissented, while acknowledging Mr. Murrow's editorial excellence. I asserted that the tape-recorded reprise of the week's events, interviews, and statements added no alleged "new dimension" to microphone reporting. Mr. Murrow's "See It Now" has taught me a lesson. It was not, as I then felt, the lack of interpretive concept which rendered "Hear It Now" dull, nor even its hour's length. "See It Now," I suspect, could hold its audience easily for an hour. The weakness of "Hear It Now," I perceive, was its fundamental assumption, the tape recordings. "Hear It Now" was merely canned: it was news, analysis, and/or commentary like any other except that it pretended to be more.

The opening shots of the second "See It Now" telecast showed Mr. Murrow in a studio control room, looking up at two video monitors, television screens. You had the impression that coming up on these monitors were the portions of the show to be seen and heard during the half-hour. With this single inventive stroke Mr. Murrow and Mr. Friendly had captured their program's success—for this is a genuine TV first.

Certainly I do not refer to the fact that the broadcast originated in the control room as the nerve-center. It may be that this is a television first; I do not know. If it is it would not matter. The taking of the cameras into the control room is not the thing. What is, is Murrow looking at the monitors and calling in the remote pick-ups from the actual scene.

Actually, of the half dozen program items, only one, I believe, the pick-up from the deck of *Old Ironsides* in Boston harbor, was a bona fide remote: the other two "live" portions were two-way interviews, remote to studio, between Murrow and Senator Lodge in Boston, and Murrow and Senator Taft in Cincinnati. The remaining segments of the broadcast, General Eisenhower welcoming an American division at Bremerhaven's Navy Yard, General MacArthur and President Truman speaking at different ceremonies of the same Old South, and "an experimental travel profile" of Presidential candidate Taft campaigning—these were all film, carefully edited—canned.

Actuality, it is proverbial among broadcasters, may be a dreadful bore: it is the illusion of actuality that is paramount. The fact that half of "See It Now" was on film and did not ap-

—CBS.

Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly—"a genuine TV first."

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pear canned is the fruit of the program's fundamental premise—Murrow viewing the monitors. For it does not matter what comes up on those monitors—the convention of a man looking at a television screen suggests exclusively that he is about to see something for the first time; and by the rule of jargon which psychologists and communicators call "empathy" or "identification" or any of the other trade-wise cliches that go the rounds, the viewer immediately gets the exciting sense that he, too, is about to witness an event speeding toward him out of that very moment's unpredictable, suspenseful horizon.

It is precisely this sense of the about-to-happen, time passing, big with possibilities, that, up to "See It Now," news on television has lacked. The reporters in their studios, desk-jockeying the flown-in newsreels, are all hopelessly *post facto*. So auspicious a program as "Assembly VI" (joint effort of NBC-TV and the Television-Radio Workshop of the Fund for Adult Education established by the Ford Foundation) fails inauspiciously for the same reason. Mr. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is an eminent historian-commentator: the shots, photographed at the United Nations General Assembly in Paris by a former March of Time camera director, are expert—but the combination adds up to the usual well-motivated but fast audience-losing news-in-review on film. History has moved on; interest is somewhere else, and there is Mr. Schlesinger, Jr., deep in yesterday.

Under the impulse of their fresh idea, the Murrow-Friendly editing and commentary are better than ever. Gentle humor lay in the artful shots of kids listening to "an old salt" recite "Old Ironsides" on the deck of the historic frigate: sharper jest could be found in the juxtaposition of Truman and MacArthur in homely and pompous vignettes of motherhood and Dixie. The interviews with Senators Lodge and Taft were thin but revealing of personalities. The weakest part of the show was the profile of Taft campaigning.

It is entirely possible that the contribution of "See It Now" to news-show production thinking may result in a rash of control room-editor-viewing-monitors programs. Perhaps the technique may too soon become a cliche—even on "See It Now": TV stales all with the oppressive face of familiarity. Should this come to pass, it will not detract one second from the achievement of Murrow and Friendly. They have the first regular news show in television worth coming back to.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

WHAT'S HOLDING BACK AMERICAN ART?

(*Continued from page* 11)

themselves with the now dominant internationalisms of the high-brow esthetes. The fact that these internationalisms were for the most part as local as the forms they deserted never once occurred to any of our band wagon fugitives.

Having long been separated from my teaching contacts, I did not immediately notice the change of student attitude which went with our loss of public attention. But Wood and Curry, still maintaining their university positions, were much affected and in the course of time under the new indifference and sometimes actual scorn of the young began feeling as if their days were over.

IT WAS one of the saddest experiences of my life to watch these two men, so well known and, when compared with most artists, so productive and so enormously successful, finish their lives in ill health and occasional moods of deep despondency. After the time we came to be publicly associated in the early Thirties, we had, for all our differences, developed a close personal friendship, and this loss of self-confidence by my friends was disturbing to me. It was, as a matter of fact, sort of catching, and I had more than a few low moments of my own.

Wood and Curry, and particularly Curry, were oversensitive to criticism. They lacked that certain core of inner hardness, so necessary to any kind of public adventure, which throws off the opinions of others when these set up conflicts within the personality. Thus to the profound self-doubts, which all artists of stature experience, was added in these two an unhappy over-susceptibility to the doubts of others. Such a susceptibility in times of despondency or depression is likely to be disastrous. It was most emphatically so for Wood and Curry.

Small men catch the weaknesses of their famous brothers very quickly, and in the universities where Wood and Curry taught there were plenty of these to add their tormenting stings to the mounting uncertainties of my two companions. Oddly enough, although my wife Rita and I tried hard, our friendly encouragements never seemed to equal the discouragements which Wood's and Curry's campus brothers worked up to annoy them. Wood was pestered almost from the beginning of his university career by departmental high-brows who could never understand why an Iowa small-towner received world attention, while they, with all their obviously superior endowments, received none at all.

By the time we moved over into the Forties, both Wood and Curry were in a pretty bad way physically and even psychologically. They had their good moments, but these seemed to be rare and shortlived. In the end, what with worry over weighty debts and artistic self-doubts, Wood came to the strange idea of changing his identity. He was a man of many curious and illusory fancies; when I went to see him in 1942, as he lay dying of a liver cancer in an Iowa hospital, he told me that when he got well he was going to change his name, go where nobody knew him, and start all over again with a new style of painting. This was very uncanny, because I'm sure he knew quite well he would never come out of the hospital alive. It was as if he wanted to destroy what was in him and become an empty soul before he went out into the emptiness of death. So far as I know, Grant had no God to whom he could offer a soul with memories.

John Curry died slowly in 1946, after operations for high blood pressure and a general physical failure had taken his big body to pieces little by little. He made a visit to Martha's Vineyard the autumn before he died. Sitting before the fire on a cold grey day when a nor'easter was building up seas outside, I tried to bolster his failing spirits.

"John," I ventured, "you must feel pretty good now, after all your struggles, to know that you have come to a permanent place in American art. It's a long way from a Kansas farm to fame like yours."

"I don't know about that," he replied. "Maybe I'd have done better to stay on the farm. No one seems interested in my pictures. Nobody thinks I can paint. If I *am* any good, I lived at the wrong time."

This is the way my two famous associates came to their end.

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MUSIC

(*Continued from page* 30)

their twentieth-century American counterpart is J. Murray Barbour.

To criticize Mr. Barbour's book I can only list the author's self-imposed limitations. He does not evaluate the influence of temperament on music between the Bachs and Schubert. He offers few esthetic conclusions about the effect of temperament on the writing or performance of music, except as this may be deduced from mathematical ratios. He does not relate the tuning to the playing of instruments, to the theory of "good" and "bad" notes, to the use of embellishment and rhythmic alteration as means of intensifying or avoiding particular intervals, or to the theory of Affections.

Within these limits his material is complete and detailed. It raises—and avoids—questions which musicologists habitually ignore. For amateurs of musical literature it opens a new chapter in experience.

Music with Words

THE RISE OF ENGLISH OPERA. By Eric Walter White. Philosophical Library. $6. Eric Walter White has here compiled a frankly propagandistic, but solidly historical, study of English opera, "a stage action with vocal and instrumental music written by a British composer to an English libretto." He devotes less than half of his pages to the past, one-tenth of them to "the position today" (medium hopeful), and the rest to useful appendixes. Mr. White is lively; he is honest. He does not disguise the fact that English opera as stageworthy entertainment was in a slough of mediocrity, either as to librettists or as to composers, and usually as to both, from Purcell to Gilbert and Sullivan and again from them to Benjamin Britten.

A curious and enlightening *non sequitur* occurs in Mr. Britten's introduction. Discussing opera in England, he writes: "All the same, if we continue to perform opera, and to perform it in a language that most of the audience does not understand, one of the essentials of opera is lost." A debatable point, but a good one. Now watch Mr. Britten: "It is not enough to know *roughly* [italics his] what is happening at a particular moment; if one thinks with what infinite precision a Mozart or a Verdi points the smallest word or tiniest shade of emotion, that will be clear." And now, surely, what Mr. Britten is going, fearlessly and impractically, to advocate is language lessons for all British operagoers? No: *"For this reason I am an unrepentant supporter of the regular seasons of opera in England being sung in English* [italics mine]."

In short, because Mozart and Verdi fused music and textual meaning, at times syllable by syllable, Mr. Britten favors violating that fusion, no translation being conceivable in which most of the composer's "infinite precision" is not unavoidably to be discovered pointing the wrong word, being re-accented, and occurring one beat or several measures away from some vague equivalent of the word that originally evoked it.

Mr. White's is a valuable reference book that intermittently offers interest as straight reading. Despite Mr. Britten, it indicates once more that if we are to have opera sung in English it should be composed to English texts in the first place. Purcell did it; Sullivan did it; Britten is doing it; and now it seems that Stravinsky (emulating Weber, whom he much admires) has done it too. In all conscience let us continue to present operas in the language that dictated the composer's infinite precision of prosody and style.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

Birds Singing in a Leafless Tree

(On listening to Boccherini's Minuet in A Major)

By Isabelle Ann L. Kfoury

THESE birds that sing upon this leafless tree,
Make silvered chiming on the winter night
Each bare branch gay with fluting melody,
Each note a falling star of spinning light.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

REGULATIONS AND THE TRAVEL PRESS

PARIS.

THE WORLD Travel Congress sponsored by the American Society of Travel Agents, held here this fall, was marked for one thing by the skeletal coverage of the American travel press. A scant dozen correspondents of the regular travel press corps came to Europe to cover what has become the largest, most important annual meeting in the travel world.

To be sure, neither the travel writers nor their managing editors minimized the importance of this World Travel Congress, which drew delegates from such far-off corners as Hawaii, Japan, India, Israel, and Yugoslavia. Indeed, at the final banquet place cards bearing the names of many journalists who had planned to come were unknowingly set before their empty chairs. The writers never got to the convention. They were removed from transatlantic passenger lists by a regulation.

For some time now there has been a rule on the books of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Internatonal Air Transport Association prohibiting international airlines from taking members of the press on all but inaugural flights unless they pay full fare. It has been a rule of selection rather than restriction, for the airlines have sidestepped the regulation to take a valued journalist overseas, and they have also invoked the rule to avoid taking someone whose mission seemed of doubtful interest.

Suspecting a landslide of requests for passage to Paris from the travel press, many airlines simply pulled up the drawbridge and pointed to the statute books. Others recalled rather painfully the recent imposition of heavy fines against several airlines who had slipped into the habit of taking non-paying, unauthorized personnel on their South American routes.

All the transatlantic lines were faced with the prospect of having to transport, non-revenue, hundreds of travel agents and wives to Paris and back. The regulations which prohibit taking non-paying travel editors across the ocean also permit transoceanic airlines to give two free trips each year to any agent who places a certain amount of business with that line. Most travel agents admit that they are simply unable to take all the free trips abroad offered to them each year. The scheme if applied to sports or the theatre would provide free tickets to ticket brokers and require the sportswriter and the reviewer to buy his way in, a highly unlikely arrangement. IATA resolution 200, what is more, says that an employee of an advertising agency or public-opinion counsel regularly retained by an airline spending all or a substantial part of his time on that account shall get the same treatment as an airline employee. In other words, he, too, has a legal, unlimited pass privilege.

If it is to be argued that a publication should pay the passage of its travel editor each time it sends him on a foreign assignment, there is hardly a publication in the land printing an appreciable amount of travel news which could stay solvent after the first year. The way has been made simple with the advent of the airplane for American tourists to take off hither and yon for nearly any point on the globe. If it is considered a worthy journalistic enterprise for writers to report on travel conditions in the lands where Americans take vacations then suitable transportation must be provided for writers to get there. If it is not so considered then the prospective American tourist will be reduced to a reading diet of publicity releases dispensed by commercial interests and put into type and sold by newspapers and magazines under the label of news.

To get proper coverage of the Paris travel convention several editors called on local bureaus and stringers, doubtless good newspaper people all, but people nonetheless who were unfamiliar with the nuances of the trade.

Probably, the *New York Herald Tribune* has never contemplated sending Clementine Paddleford to cover the Yale-Princeton game and Krock of the *Times* would be an awkward choice to send to the opening of, say, "Top Banana." Yet one of the country's most influential dailies used a stringer to cover the World Travel Congress in Paris while its four-man travel staff stayed home. The stringer cabled—and it appeared in print—that the most important development at the convention was the plea by a New York advertising agency executive for Europe to spend more money to woo Americans abroad.

The situation becomes even more unfortunate when it is considered that virtually every European country organized an extensive series of pre- and post-convention tours that took the travel agents to the far corners of the Continent at incredible prices. Delegates were hard put to choose between the eight-day tour of Spain for $10 (transportation, food, lodging included) or the ten-day trip to Scandinavia, including Finland, for $25. These tours were offered to travel editors in most cases without any cost at all. A total of fifty-five such trips were booked for every European country this side of the Iron Curtain, and several in North Africa. For the ECA, which has been spending billions to promote travel by Americans to Europe, the inclusion of a sizable representation of the American travel press on these European tours was the chance of a promotional lifetime. Unfortunately the only travel writers on hand were the scant dozen, the others having been filtered off by the regulations of the CAB and the IATA.

THE prospect of one Government agency working in direct antithetic action to another may be as common to Washington as the 10 per cent, but it comes as a shock to the taxpayer who finds himself paying the freight of both. Such a situation has arisen between the Civil Aeronautics Board, which governs the actions of all airlines landing in the U. S., and the ECA, an organization charged with bringing prosperity back to Europe.

That the separate efforts of these agencies should be directed against each other results from the thoughtless, inept, and unworkable regulations on the books of the CAB and the impotency of the ECA.

When approached before the opening of the ASTA convention in Paris and asked to unbuckle its restriction against the press, CAB sat back and said it would need some indication that the airlines wanted the restriction

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From Paris . . .

THE World Travel Congress held in Paris this fall under the sponsorship of the American Society of Travel Agents was covered by *SRL*'s travel editor, Horace Sutton. Ideas and innovations discussed at the convention which may affect the American vacationer when next he ventures forth are outlined below.

1. A single tourist card giving Americans entry into all the Western European countries was proposed by A. L. Simmons, ASTA's president. An international agency functioning at the first port of entry would issue one card containing all the necessary data, and the tourist would then be free to cross all Western European borders at will.

2. The "allied" members of ASTA, comprising official governmental tourist bureaus, worldwide transportation carriers, and hotel interests, voted to send an expression to Soviet Russia asking for a free intercourse of peoples in the interests of peace.

3. The Israeli representative noted that restrictions similar to those imposed by Communist countries are also currently imposed on free travel by certain Arab nations. The Israeli delegate asked the delegates to extend their plea for free exchange to Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon.

4. A plan to take tourists on a twenty-one-day tour of Europe in eight-passenger station wagons for $1,000, transatlantic passage included, was unveiled by the Pamosa Share-the-Ride system. Participants must buy a new German-made Volkswagon (cost about $1,400), which the company agrees to buy back in dollars at the end of the trip. Arrangements with a network of hotels and restaurants make it possible to tour the Continent with groups of eight people with or without a chauffeur.

5. Developments are still changing day to day, but it seems assured that the low-cost tourist fare of $405 round trip to Europe proposed by Pan-American Airways is a certainty for this summer. TWA, Air France, and BOAC have indicated a desire to follow suit. The opinion here was that the new rate would triple the number of Americans who travel abroad.

6. European railroads have deviated from the traditional compartment system with the customary six green velour seats to the extent of a new fluorescently-lighted, rubber-tired, first-class bar car. New style in cushions: plaid.

lifted. Perhaps the European Travel Commission, a coalition of eighteen Continental countries, would like to poll the airlines and let the CAB know? The ETC, a foreign body, swallowed hard, said it couldn't be so presumptuous as to do what a U. S. Governmental agency hadn't deigned to do itself, and politely demurred. So the opportunity passed, none but the scant dozen appeared, and the magnificent press coverage of Europe that would have proved so great a tonic to ECA's program abroad was snafued by the listless action of another Government agency.

This sour problem, grown moldy by the inaction of the proper agency and uncovered by the ASTA ruckus, has a simple solution. The CAB should make it legal for the airlines to carry, non-revenue, members of a selected and screened list of accredited travel writers the same way the lines carry travel agents. Frequency may be regulated, and writers should be instructed that the ruling is permissive not mandatory. Certainly this system would abolish the threat of fines. It would give the airline the assurance that it is carrying a legitimate journalist and not a freeloading mountebank with one old clipping and a portable typewriter. It would permit the American travel writer to report the travel news in places that he has hitherto had to reach by hook or crook. It would afford the traveling American a fair advance picture of what he can expect to find in corners of the world which he contemplates visiting. It would be a strong boost for our ECA program in getting Americans abroad to spend their own dollars while learning to understand other people.

LEST any man step forward and say that the planes are too crowded to take non-revenue customers even though they be legitimate journalists, hear this: About eighteen scheduled airliners, foreign and U. S., cross the Atlantic every day. Considering the small space in Constellations, flown by some, and the large space in Boeing Stratocruisers, flown by others, one can figure that the average transatlantic liner has forty-five seats. That means there are 810 seats flying across the ocean every day. Indeed, there are seasons of the year when the planes are full, eastbound or westbound, but the average occupancy on a year-around basis is 60 to 65 per cent. More than two hundred and eighty seats fly the ocean every day *unoccupied*.

The travel writers accreditation plan is clearly workable. A similar system is already in force in Canada, and no restrictions bind the writer

From Athens . . .

THE annual conference of the International Union of Official Tourist Organizations (IUOTO) took place in Athens this year. A consultative agency of the United Nations and one of the governing bodies of international tourism, the IUOTO conference was attended by delegations from thirty-five member nations. William D. Patterson, of *The Saturday Review*, participated in the conference as an official observer. He reports that the conference mapped the following steps to aid tourists:

1. Agreed on common measures to reduce international travel barriers, including complex customs forms, foreign exchange reports, health and immigration inspections, visas, and other frontier formalities.

2. Developed further standards for classifying hotels, restaurants, and other tourist facilities. For example, it is the purpose of the IUOTO to insure that a hotel in any country classified as "first class" will have first-class accommodations, service, and food; not merely first-class prices for second-rate facilities.

3. Agreed on common measures not only for improving but for increasing tourist accommodations to mitigate the seasonal overcrowding that vexes the travel picture in many countries.

4. Studied point means of improving transportation facilities for tourists, including accommodations available on the state-operated railways, bus lines, etc.

5. Agreed to broader efforts and more careful standards for training the government and private personnel who meet, service, or are otherwise in contact with tourists.

6. Agreed to recommend to their respective governments the elimination or reduction of discriminatory taxes on tourists. For example, in some European countries citizens must pay a heavy tax when obtaining their permit for foreign travel.

7. Set up programs for making the most accurate possible information available to tourists on the sights, travel conditions, etc., in each IUOTO country.

8. Organized or strengthend regional travel commissions in Europe, the Far East, the Middle East, and Africa. These commissions have the responsibility of administrative supervision during the year of travel promotion and standards of tourist service and information in the member countries.

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inside Europe. The present restrictions in force by the CAB and the IATA are obsolete, unworkable, and not in the best interests of the foreign countries, the transoceanic airlines, or the American traveling public. They should be repealed.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

VIVA MEXICO! By Charles Macomb Flandrau. Harper. $3.50. Something of a classic among travel books on Mexico, this new edition suffers not at all from the years. The writing is crisp, the humor sparkles. Mr. Flandrau's insight to character, Mexican or North American, is 20/20. Well regulated, systematic people will detest Mexico, but others may find it "one long carelessly written but absorbing romance." Mr. Flandrau was among the latter from the day he sailed from the States for Vera Cruz, finding on board, among other types, a band of American actors on their way to "financial and artistic doom" in Mexico City. No traveler to Mexico should miss Flandrau's reflections on the Mexican habits and customs, from the wakes that took place on a coffee plantation to the exquisite etiquette of local speech. You ask a man, "Is that your horse?" With elegant manner he answers, "No sir, it is yours." He doesn't mean it, of course, but no one can deny that it is a pleasant pleasantry.

A DRAGON APPARENT. By Norman Lewis. Scribner. $4.50. Why did Mr. Lewis go to Indochina, and at a time like this? Well, with China swallowed up and already behind the bamboo curtain, the chance of having a look at the mysterious East was getting rarer all the time. Indochina was still more or less open, and besides very little had been written about it. These are all the apparent reasons which started this English novelist off on a trip to the war-weary land and on a book of travel and adventure. He examines quaint and little-known customs, he interviews royalty, and he participates in a melodrama of Viet-Nam and Viet-Minh warfare and slips into the Viet-Minh lines in the bottom of a sampan. At one point he is sick. The local doctor, after a hasty examination of his fingernails, says he is dominated by the number nine and the Western direction, and urges him to contemplate white flowers, whereupon he will feel better in the autumn. One beautiful color plate and a smattering of handsome black-and-whites liven up the rather typical unemotional underplay in the writing.

ROME. By Laurence Scarfe. Roy Publishers. $3.50. A scrapbook of various impressions of Rome upon an Englishman who is a painter, illustrator, and writer. Subtitled "Fragments in the Sun," it is a curious collection of fits and starts that sometimes reads like prose and other times like an avant-garde prose poem. There are a number of vignettes about the Spanish Stairs, the Trevi Fountain, the Roman Forum, and other usual tourist sights. The author can skip from the Vatican art treasures to a discussion of the effect of Italian oil, butter, garlic, and ice cream.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier. 2. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt. 3. Julian West in "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy. 4. Ben Gunn in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 5. Alice in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 6. Dorothy in "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," by L. Frank Baum. 7. Calpurnia in "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare. 8. Mr. Lockwood in "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. 9. Hank Morgan in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Mark Twain. 10. Annie Arden in "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson.

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upon his austerity-weakened British stomach without batting an eye. Most any day will find him, he says, gorging himself under an awning on the Piazza del Popolo thinking about home, where a banana or an egg is an event. Sprinkled through all this are a number of heavy-handed sketches, and the back of the book contains a portfolio of photographs made by the author, most of them statues and monuments, most undistinguished. Perhaps Mr. Scarfe's best creative contribution is his original watercolor of the Roman Forum from the Palace of Tiberius, which is the jacket design for the book.

BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG. By Tudor Edwards. Batsford, New York. $3.50. A study of two of the three lowlands with a noticeable accent on art and architecture. Local customs are not overlooked, however, and there is mention of such oddities as the Procession de Penitents from the St. Walburg Cathedral, where the marchers affect black-hooded robes, wear no shoes, and carry a large wooden cross. There is word of Ghent, which lies in a garden of begonias and rhododendrons, and also of Brussels. Said someone once, "For a man who loves Paris a visit to Brussels is having tea with a sister of the woman he loves." There are some notes, too, on Luxembourg, the duchy lashed by the invasion of Von Runstedt in 1944 and invaded again a few years later by Mme. Mesta.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 443

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 443 will be found in the next issue.

XO KBE MBA'D PGK

GAKDWXAV, KBE ZBA'D HN

IGTTNM BA DB QNCNGD XD.

—IGTFXA IBBTXMVN.

Answer to No. 442

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—HEYWOOD BROUN.

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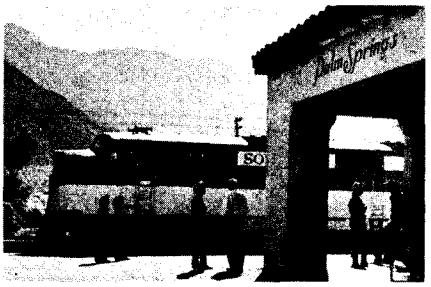

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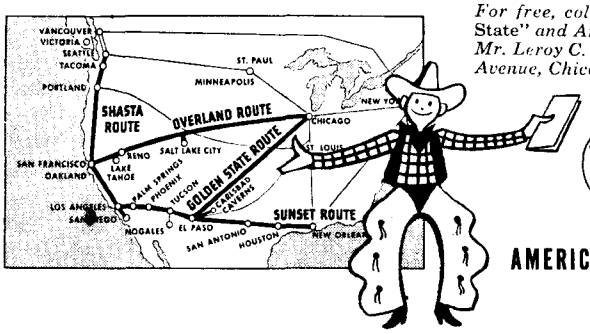

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"ISMS" & THE UNIVERSITY

(*Continued from page 19*)

he may well be tomorrow! If he were today, MacArthur and McCarthy wouldn't be sounding off, Alger Hiss would still be running the Carnegie Foundation, and Buckley—whose economic views lie somewhere between Adam Smith and Senator Taft—would be languishing in a Federal prison.

2. By FRANK D. ASHBURN

THIS is a well-written, emotion provoking, superficially convincing tract, set down in able earnestness by a young advocate whose grip on accuracy is less firm than his grasp of assumptions. Vigorous in style, the book entices us to pardon extravagance, and could be to the casual, the uninformed, or the predisposed reader an honest, rather gallant attack on anti-Christianity and anti-capitalism at Yale, which is noted as simply *primus inter pares* in respect to its offenses. A person who can write as well as Mr. Buckley, who can arrange his arguments so persuasively, and support them so recklessly, seems certain to have a profitably polemic future.

On the day of publication the leading *Yale Daily News* editorial said: "A brilliant boy named Buckley came to Yale in 1946. He came steeped in stifling orthodoxy. He came bristling with dogmatic preconceptions. He came, a child of the Middle Ages, into a hotbed of twentieth-century intellectual ferment. . . ." And the same editorial speaks of the book as: "characterized by naivete, misinformation, quotation out of context and crassest dogmatism."

Professor Clarence W. Mendell, a former dean of Yale College and one of the best loved of the Yale family, is even sterner: "There are three sources for the invalidity of the evidence: ignorance of facts, obsession with the debater's cleverness, dishonesty." Mr. Buckley, with a disarming disingenuousness, intimated that just such things would be said. Professor Mendell's testimony could be dismissed as bias except for the fact that he documents it. On the campus the teachers of religion and economics (the two groups, save for the administration, most vigorously attacked) emphasize this out-of-context theme. One economist took the trouble to extract quotations out of context from the same volumes Mr. Buckley used so freely, with the result that the texts seemed the last testaments of the robber barons. Mr. Buckley distorts some facts, is inaccurate often, sometimes twists conclusions, and does all this while assuring the reader that he is being true to a position he repeatedly renounces. And to make things clear, he implies that anyone who disagrees with him should be eliminated from the Yale faculty.

Many of Mr. Buckley's charges are as unfair as they are inaccurate. In criticizing the much loved and saintly university chaplain, he fails to note that the Roman Catholic chaplain, the Jewish rabbi, and an alumni committee which has just completed a report on religious life at Yale all agree in revering Mr. Lovett's influence and in characterizing the religious atmosphere at Yale as remarkably wholesome. One may comment in passing that it is possible religion is more effectively caught than taught, and that the best way of inculcating faith is rarely through college classes. Mr. Buckley's contention comes down to his wishing all courses in religion in a university to be steeped in dogmatic theology. When Mr. Buckley came to Yale, he knew Yale's Protestant tradition. He knew its academic tradition. Yet in his book he seems to offer the alternatives that either Yale should be made intolerable for all non-Calvinists or it should be made intolerable for all who disagree with Mr. Buckley.

Mr. Buckley considers Yale anti-Christian. (Not "official Yale"; he admits that the whole history of the university, as well as the pronouncements and lives of its present administrators, shows that Yale is not "officially" anti-Christian.) Now Mr. Buckley's case could have been stronger if he had said that a considerable part of the undergraduate body, graduate students, and faculty are not greatly or at all interested in formal religion, because these groups mirror the America from which they are drawn, and that America is not predominantly religious minded, however religiously starved it may be.

Mr. Buckley believes that Yale is anti-capitalist. If one is familiar with the individuals who guide its destinies, this seems on its face improbable. If one examines the economics department Mr. Buckley's conclusions are flatly misleading. When 90 per cent of the students voted Republican in 1948 (Mr. Buckley was then an undergraduate), the danger would not seem to have been radicalism.

MR. BUCKLEY states an ardent ambition to have the alumni more informed about Yale. In this desire the administration, the active alumni, and the faculty see eye to eye with him. He deplores the lack of alumni interest and control, while demonstrating strongly that the Yale alumni do have a large voice in university affairs. He also demonstrates their ignorance of education in general and Yale in particular. His solution apparently is to have the alumni body as a whole dictate to the administration and faculty. He does not mention the fact that at the present time there is more enlightened participation in Yale affairs, more fact-finding, with the complete support of the administration, than ever before.

He totally fails to distinguish between membership, with its responsibility, and administration, with its responsibility. Forty thousand individuals, many uninformed and many far away, cannot and should not administer a great institution. No more appalling fate could be reserved for a university administration and faculty than for them to abdicate their executive and pedagogical responsibilities.

Mr. Buckley is concerned about what he calls academic freedom.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A GRAVE CASE OF MURDER *Roger Bax* (Harper: $2.50)	Bad egg turns up sunny side down in British grave (not his). Yard boys do the heavy thinking.	Pleasant East Anglia scenery and folks, but pace tends toward slowness.	Bax has done better
MY DEAR HOLMES *Gavin Brend* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Subtitled "A Study in Sherlock," this little compendium is virtually a biography of its immortal subject.	Delightful and witty production, in best tradition of Baker Street Irregulars.	Tops

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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But his thesis, stripped to its essentials, is that the way to academic freedom is dogmatism and that the way to save capitalism is by indoctrination—a point of view shared, of course, by Marshal Stalin as a staunch supporter of what millions of people sincerely call democracy. There are admirable educational institutions based on dogma and indoctrination. They fill a necessary place in the American scheme of things. But Yale is not one of them. It is one of the great world-strongholds of free inquiry, free enterprise, and free men.

It would be idle to deny that some of Mr. Buckley's specific charges are true. There are undoubtedly skeptics and atheists on the Yale faculty, as there are in any university. Some of them have bad academic manners. Some of them hold views diametrically opposed to those of the President and Corporation, who, Mr. Buckley concedes, are honest, Christian men. He calls upon these administrators of Yale to take a stand. He nowhere notes that the entire administration has taken a stand and has taken it repeatedly, holding to it with courage and conviction when it has not always been popular to do so.

If this book were anatomized, organ by organ, cell by cell, the evidence of a general metastasis would be unavoidable. There is the lesion of Mr. Buckley, then an undergraduate, not being permitted to deliver a speech very much like his book on the occasion of the dedication of a Yale war memorial.

These intramural questions would not in themselves give the book more importance than should be attached to a family quarrel. But the book does have a serious importance. "God and Man at Yale" stands as one of the most forthright, implacable, typical, and unscrupulously sincere examples of a return to authoritarianism that has appeared. Under the guise of liberty it attacks freedom; under the guise of knowledge it denies the privilege of free investigation and dissent; under the guise of defending capitalism and religion it uses the technique of Dr. Goebbels; under the guise of academic freedom it hides the somber robes of theocracy.

Torquemada, reincarnated in his early twenties, with all his benefactions *in posse,* is a fascinating figure, even though the lineaments are faintly reminiscent of George F. Gundelfinger. This book is one which has the glow and appeal of a fiery cross on a hillside at night. There will undoubtedly be robed figures who gather to it, but the hoods will not be academic. They will cover the face.

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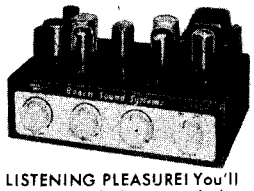

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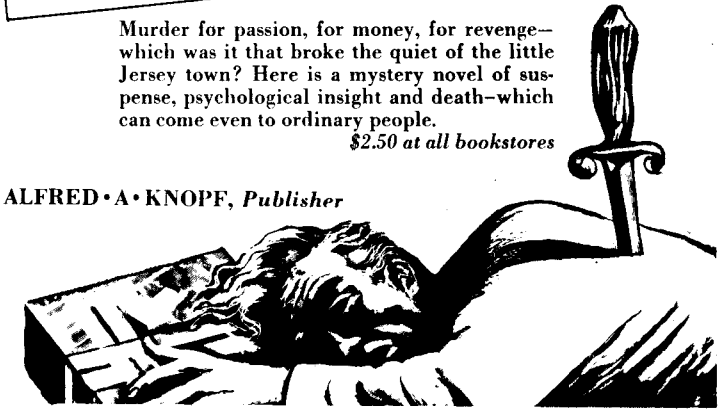

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

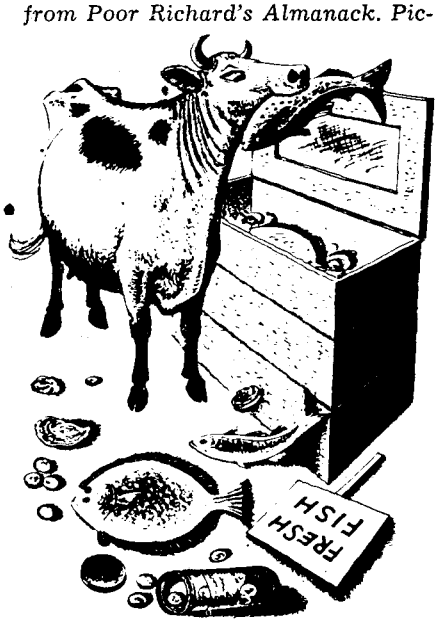
THE nicest Christmas that this department could have is the enthusiastic welcome given the new books by the boys and girls of the Southern mountain states—West Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina. Just returned from a tour through the Cumberlands and the pine country, this reviewer dwells happily on the lively interest, the frank pleasure shown by hundreds of children, from the little district schools in the deep, narrow valleys of the Cumberlands to the 1,500 boys and girls of school age in busy, bustling Fort Bragg in North Carolina. Where there was money to buy them the new books sold vigorously. Where money was scarce the children looked and listened, fingering wistfully the books that they longed to own but could only share temporarily. Everywhere their interest was objective; the boys knew exactly what book they wanted to possess, the girls showed their preference for good stories like "The Sea Gulls Woke Me" and "Ride Out the Storm." Fathers and mothers clustered around the picture books, exclaiming at their beauty, chuckling over their humor. The demand for books with an ethical value was constant. Never in all our long experience have we had such wholehearted response to the telling of a good story. We felt that authors, artists, editors, and publishers must have sensed the wave of interest and approval that followed the book exhibits, the book talks, and the story hours.

Our "Merry Christmas" to all the boys and girls in the United States of America goes particularly this year to those in the rural districts of our country who showed so clearly their longing to own books that were shown them and then taken away. Our hope for the new year is that before another Christmas rolls around they, too, will have at least the beginning of a home library. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

CHRISTMAS CALENDAR: The Days Before Christmas. By Ilonka Karasz. New York: Harper & Bros. No paging. $1.75.

This unusual calendar is a large picture book that presents the preparations for Christmas in a "double-page" spread. When you open it, you see a village set against snowy hills. In the background are a church and some outlying houses. As you come nearer the center of the village you see the shops that sell Christmas gifts and the good things for the Christmas dinner. The church and each little shop have tiny doors, and when you lift them gently you find inside all the things that one needs for the celebration of a family Christmas. In the foreground is a barn with the sheep outside against the snow. Lifting the bar door, you see, in a glow of golden light, the Holy Family. It is the very essence of Christmas in an American village with the open country just beyond. Here is the station with the train coming in from a wider world. Here are the school house, the farm, the florist shop, the bakery, the drugstore, the hardware and grocery store. It is all in color; the cold blue of a winter sky, the white snow, the bright blues and greens and reds and yellows of the shops and their enticing wares. The tiny doors open at a touch and reveal all the things that are in our thoughts during the days before Christmas. It is an enchanting gift for the holidays.

A BIRD IN THE HAND: Sayings from Poor Richard's Almanack. Pictures by Maud and Miska Petersham. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $2.50.



—By Helen Sewell, from "Azor and the Blue-Eyed Cow."

An irresistible humor runs all through these spirited drawings that illustrate Benjamin Franklin's wise and witty "sayings." The color printing is, as in all the Petersham books, soft and beautiful. It is hard to choose the saying and the drawing that you like the best. We are inclined to give the prize to either "He that doeth what he should not shall feel what he would not" or "Now I have a sheep and cow everybody bids me goodmorrow!" Little girls may prefer the picture with "A false friend and shadow attend only while the sun shines." This is the fourth of the picture books that the two artists call the This Is America Books. The others are "An American ABC," "The Rooster Crows," and "America's Stamps." They all make lovely gifts to send to children overseas.

THE DRAGONS OF BLUELAND. Story by Ruth Stiles Gannett. Illustrations by Ruth Chrisman Gannett. New York: Random House. 88 *pp.* $2.

The newest and, we understand, the last of the stories about Elmer Elevator and the baby dragon is a very exciting tale. When our dragon got back to Blueland, home of his family and of his ancestors, he found the family in great danger. Brutal men who were out to capture the last of the dragons were conducting a siege outside the home cave. Immediately the baby dragon started back to Nevergreen City in search of Elmer. He arrived there after a rather troublesome journey, recruited Elmer, and returned to Blueland. Elmer outwitted the brutal men and rescued the dragons. Strangely enough, the double journey was observed by a ship at sea, a farmer on his farm, and a small boy. The story appeared in the newspapers after Elmer's return to Nevergreen City. When it was read aloud at the breakfast table by Elmer's father Elmer only said: "Why, father, you don't mean you really believe all that nonsense, do you?". Mrs. Gannett's pictures are as amusing and as satisfying as those in the two earlier books.

AZOR AND THE BLUE-EYED COW. Story by Maude Crowley. Pictures by Helen Sewell. New York: Oxford University Press. 72 *pp.* $2.25.

This new story about Azor in Marblehead is a Christmas story. It is, perhaps, the funniest and the most lov-

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able of the three Azor tales. Mule Stoap of Marblehead had a cow called Clara who was "from away," that is, she came from Maine. Clara and Azor understood one another, but Azor worried quite a bit when Clara ran away just before Christmas. He was afraid that she would be cold. Clara, however, was well able to take care of herself. She raided the Fish Market and ate a gallon of shucked oysters and an eight-pound cod. She raided the bakery on Market Street and ate 237 doughnuts. "Her taste's improving some, even if her habits ain't," said Mule Stoap. Azor's brother Matt said that there was *not* a Santa Claus. Azor said that there *was*—and proved it by the temperamental Clara. It was, on the whole, one of the wisest of Azor's actions. Helen Sewell's drawings of Clara are perfection.

ASK DR. CHRISTMAS. By Edith Dorian. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Whittlesey House. 144 *pp.* $2.25.

This story of Christmas in a happy, united family centers around the father, who was a doctor. When he was crippled by a bad fall he spent a good deal of time seeking the various ways in which different people in different countries celebrated Christmas. He also encouraged the foreigners in his town to share their Christmas celebrations with him and with one another. For his own family, the Duncans, Christmas began on December 5 and lasted through January to Candlemas Eve. Every year on Christmas Eve the doctor gave a party. People of many nationalities, many of them his patients, came to the party bringing with them their own special contribution, from the "fattigmund" of the Norwegians to the marionettes of the Italians. In the back of the book are the recipes for the "goodies" that were brought. It is a nice book to have in the house during the holidays.

CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING: A Treasury of Christmas Poetry. Selected by Sara and John E. Brewton. Illustrations by Decie Merwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 114 *pp.* $2.50.

This anthology is by the two editors who compiled "Bridled with Rainbows." It is in eight sections and it includes Christmas poems of many periods from the old, "unknown" "First Day of Christmas" to modern poets like Eleanor Farjeon, Rose Fyleman, and Rachel Field. The selection is broad and comprehensive and the format of the book very attractive. It is printed in a clean type on particularly good paper and is illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings.

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER. By Joseph Henry Jackson. Illustrations by Tom Lea. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 31 *pp.* $1.

Tom Lea, the author and illustrator of "The Brave Bulls," presents some distinguished drawings for this Mexican legend of the Christmas flower—the poinsettia. There is a cover-jacket in brilliant color and five striking illustrations, four printed in red and one in black. The legend tells of Father Clemente, who is deeply concerned because his people, native Indians, cling to the harsh old god, Tlaloc the Powerful, although they profess Christianity. Among the children little Pablo seems best to understand the story of the Christ Child, yet his mother had defied Father Clemente and the Christ whom he worshiped. On Christmas morning when the children brought their simple gifts to the manger Pablo's gift of the dusty leaves of a common weed—all that he could find—changed into the Christmas flower with its brilliant, star-like red blossoms, which grows not only in Mexico but in the Southwest USA. The story is well told, and the drawings are unusual.

—By Decie Merwin, from "Christmas Bells Are Ringing."

THE SOUND OF SLEIGH BELLS. By Russell McCracken. Illustrations by Louise Phillips. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. No paging. $1.50.

This well designed and attractive book tells the story of an iron deer that stood on the grounds of a house called Conway Castle. Old Mr. Conway, who lived there, told the story of the deer to the children every Christmas Eve, and this was the story. One very snowy Christmas Santa Claus and his sleigh were upset in a huge snowdrift in the yard of Conway Castle not far from where the little iron deer stood. Santa saw the deer, half buried as he was in snow, so when he had righted his sleigh and repacked the gifts he used his Christmas magic.

The iron deer came to life, and the gifts were delivered not by eight reindeer, but *nine*. Then the little deer came back to stand in the yard of Conway Castle. His story is illustrated with delicate, graceful drawings printed in a clear, holly red.

THE REWARD OF FAITH. By Elizabeth Goudge. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Coward-McCann. 186 *pp.* $2.75.

This is a book that should be shared with the whole family—the father, the mother, and the children. It is a book to be read aloud while waiting for the lighting of the Christmas tree. There are eight stories here, each one set in a different country. Each shows the triumph of Christian faith over intolerance, stupidity, or the desire for personal vengeance. Some are more effective than others. To this reviewer the best of them is the story set in Devonshire in the time of the Puritans, when the color and beauty and joy of worship were threatened by the stern code of "The Three Gray Men." Elizabeth Goudge is at her best when writing of Southwest England. Her word picture in this story of the shepherd's hut underneath the hill on Christmas Eve is enchanting. So are the children who march in the procession from the despoiled church to the hut where its treasures are. The first story, told of a Franciscan Friar who in his youth had seen and heard St. Francis himself, is rather above the comprehension of children. It is sure, however, to appeal to the older boys and girls. It is beautifully written, and its sadness is lightened by the serene faith of Brother Clemente. Each story is headed with one of Nora Unwin's lovely drawings.

PONG CHOOLIE, YOU RASCAL! By Lucy Herndon Crockett. Illustrated by the author. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 246 *pp.* $3. There is little indication in the title and the lively illustrations, haunted by the grotesque little demons that forever lurk in the background of Pong Choolie's thoughts, of the futilely tragic quality of this story. Pong Choolie's father had been a school teacher who had turned to Communism as the solution to the problem of the injustices of the wealthy members of the Yangban class. The Japanese had imprisoned him for his beliefs, but when the Russians came and proved to be more tyrants than saviors, doubts began to assail him. In the meantime he had sent his second son, Pong Choolie, to live with the Korean Communist In-

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spector in Hamhung in North Korea.

Pong Choolie had a great deal of native intelligence, and life at the Inspector's sharpened his wits. Surviving by his wits one dreadful experience after another, what little loyalty he had ever felt for the Communist cause was completely destroyed when he met up with an American soldier. In this young Yank'o, only a few years older than himself, Pong Choolie had at last found satisfaction for the universal need for someone to care about beside himself, and from then on his efforts were bent towards getting the American and his friends to safety.

The author has had first hand experience in Korea and has obviously done careful research for this book, and she writes with a light touch in spite of the grimness of the subject. The result is a bitter testimony against the futility of war and hatred. There is no idealization of any group.

The sensitive child will not read this book; and will the child, who is tough enough minded to read it, see behind the filth, disease, and fantastic superstitions of the Koreans pictured here, the human spirit worthy of understanding and help?

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

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INTERESTING DUPLICATIONS

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #7. a. Bruno Walter, N. Y. Philharmonic. Columbia ML 4414* b. H. Scherchen, Vienna State Opera Orch. Westminster WL 5089 c. Kleiber, Amsterdam Concertgebouw. London LLP 240 **Note a "wow" in first mvt., possibly corrected later.*		▶ Big Beethoven tempts conductors to eccentricity—too often one feels a bid for posterity rather than the mere record buyer's approval! The new Walter and Scherchen are both of top rank. Both are accurately played, rehearsed, the Vienna standing up well to the New York. Scherchen's has a certain chamber-music quality—close-to, slightly dry recording but also a clear-cut, staccato playing of details. His is the more dogmatic by a trace. Walter's, though driving harder than his best work, has a clearly better lyric line, grasp of larger dramatic architecture, to my ear; also the all-important rhythmic distinctions, the proper swinging six-eight of first mvt. vs. the pounding short threes of scherzo, are superbly realized. Even so, Scherchen is close competitor. The earlier Kleiber release has top quality—Walter's and this both are superb big-hall jobs, with ultra-sharp, clean highs—but the performance, good, is less profound, the ensemble uneven. Better try all of these. (And Munch for French, Toscanini for Italian approach—these last not quite technically up to the above.)
SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR. a. Lipatti; Philharmonia Orch., Karajan. Columbia ML 2195 b. Rosl Schmid; Bamberg Sym., Keilberth. Mercury MG 15020		▶ Neither is satisfactory. The Lipatti, as heard here, is cold, percussive, hard pianism, not easy to judge if it is the poor piano recording or the playing. I find no sympathy for the Schumann personal style in this sound. The Schmid playing for me is far closer to the right thing—but Mercury's recording has bad sub-audible hum that makes piano chatter, disturbs listening. The Bamberg Orch. plays well but not carefully; the Philharmonia is better.
RAVEL: QUARTET IN F. Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia ML 2202 RAVEL: QUARTET IN F. DEBUSSY: QUARTET IN G MINOR. Stuyvesant Quartet. Philharmonia PH 104	In line with the interpretations, the Juilliard is a fine, close-to academic quartet sound—neutrally faithful to the medium in general; the Philharmonia is bigger, more distant. It's good.	The Juilliard is good quartet playing—but the Stuyvesant is good Ravel; their music has the sense of the French expression far more effectively than Juilliard, who play with superb academic accuracy. Debussy similarly good.
RAVEL: "GASPARD DE LA NUIT"; "LE TOMBEAU DE COUPERIN." Bernhard Weiser, piano. R.E.B. Eds. #8 RAVEL: "GASPARD DE LA NUIT." DEBUSSY: "SUITE BERGAMASQUE." Frank Glazer, piano. Polymusic PRLP 1005	R.E.B. (Blake) has a top piano disc in this difficult test of recording technique; very steady in slow parts, no waver, the tremendous dynamic range well in hand with excellent bass and natural treble. The Polymusic is basically good, but slight utter shows up in slow parts, bass is bit thin, distant, surface crackly. Not bad, just the same.	Two good tries at difficult music; neither match the perfectly controlled abandon, the projection of foreground and background, that Gieseking had in old Columbia set (CX 141). Weiser's strong, staccato technique lacks pedal shadings, brings forward too much detail; Glazer's, better shaded, is less accurate. The accompanying works are better in both recordings.
BEETHOVEN: QUARTET IN A MINOR, OP. 59, #2 ("RASOUMOVSKY") a. Pascal Quartet. Concert Hall CHS 1206 b. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5098	The recording technique in each matches the performance. The Pascals are given close-to, dry recording, very natural; the Konzerthaus group gets a golden sound, huge and romantic, big as a small orchestra. Lovely effect and more striking, but less natural, than the Pascals.	Nice contrast, both good. Pascals, French, play a taut, modern, architectural version, *à la* Budapest—Beethoven the creator of incomparable structure. The Viennese play more richly, a slower, more lyric, less shaped version, dwelling on details of song, losing some architectural strength, gaining much too.
MOZART: WIND SERENADES #11 IN E FLAT, K. 375, #12 in C MI., K. 388. Members Vienna Philharmonic. Westminster WL 5021	▶ Westminster is currently beginning re-cutting many of their earlier releases, making new LP's from original tapes, with improved quality, corrected pitch. This is sample; improvement is quite remarkable on direct comparison. New master numbers (imprinted in plastic): 15702/3. Watch for others.	

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
DEATH OF A SALESMAN *Arthur Miller* (Bantam: 25c)	The text of the play and movie about Willy Loman, salesman, who dreamed the American dream of success and failed to achieve it. For this edition Mr. Miller has expanded the stage directions to facilitate reading.	Pulitzer Prize Play for 1949. Deeply affecting tragedy; a poignant statement of man as he must face himself.
FOR MY GREAT FOLLY *Thomas B. Costain* (Bantam: 35c)	Derring-do in seventeenth-century England and the Mediterranean performed by John Ward, pirate and true Briton.	Top-notch historical romance.
HOMEWARD BORNE *Ruth Chatterton* (Pocket: 25c)	Driven by a feeling of guilt, a New England woman takes a small Polish-Jewish refugee boy into her home. Her husband's return from the war multiplies her problems and accelerates her tragedy.	Although the author has stacked the cards against her characters, this thoughtful story reaches a plausible, terrifying climax.
HONEY IN THE HORN *H. L. Davis* (Pocket: 35c)	Mixed up in a jail break in Teddy Roosevelt-era Oregon, young Clay Calvert runs away and gets involved in a series of adventures with herders and murderers, hop-pickers and desperadoes.	Pulitzer Prize winner of 1935. Colorful, humorous episodes recorded with a Puckish hand.
LETTER TO FIVE WIVES *John Klempner* (Dell: 25c)	A divorcee sends a note to five friends taunting them with the threat that one of their husbands is about to elope with her. The story explains why each thinks she is the one about to be robbed.	Amusing tour de force, well conceived, skilfully executed.
ON UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE *James B. Conant* (Mentor: 35c)	The President of Harvard, a distinguished scientist, urges the study of history as the best way to give the non-scientist a better understanding of pure science.	Thoughtful, lucid, stimulating analysis of a basic educational problem.
THE POCKET BIBLE (Pocket: 35c)	The Old and New Testaments in the 1611 King James version. An abridgment by Cyril C. Richardson of E. S. Bates's "The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature."	Excellent edition for reading pleasure.
PSYCHO PATHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE *Sigmund Freud* (Mentor: 35c).	The causes of such common human lapses as forgetting names and actions, slips of the tongue and pen, etc., discussed by the founder of the modern psychoanalytic movement. Translated and edited from the fourth German edition by Dr. A. A. Brill.	Classic work in the field.
THE RAFT *Robert Trumbull* (Pyramid: 25c)	Three World War II Naval fliers afloat in the Pacific on a rubber raft. The thousand-mile, thirty-four-day journey is recorded by a newspaperman.	Clean, crisp report of a heroic saga of men against the sea.
THE RAINS CAME *Louis Bromfield* (Signet: 50c)	Indians, Americans, and Europeans labor side by side to raise living standards in an Indian state. Disaster, earthquake, flood, and plague prove only temporary setbacks.	Long, swift-moving story packed with exciting incident, interesting (though two-dimensional) characters, and colorful background.
THE SAN QUENTIN STORY *Clinton T. Duffy* (Pocket: 25c)	Reminiscences of San Quentin's warden from the riots, prison breaks, and daring escapes of the past to the reforms of the present.	Absorbing reading for students of criminal psychology and seekers after unusual thrills.
SOLDIERS' PAY *William Faulkner* (Signet: 25c)	How Donald Mahon was received by his family, friends, and fiancee when he returned to his small Southern hometown from World War I, his face horribly mutilated, his memory gone.	The Nobel Prize winner's first novel. Critics hailed it as "an extraordinary book" for its "vivid, fervid writing," its "irony and pity."

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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MIDDLE-AGED LADY of refinement desires to correspond with well-educated gentleman. Box 642-J.

POSITION as nurse-companion wanted by qualified, experienced woman. References exchanged. Box 643-J.

YOUNG but temporarily retired schoolteacher (housewife and mother by day) wishes interesting, remunerative evening position. 645-J.

GENTLEMAN, mature, university education, interested travel, events, wishes correspondence with lady. Box 658-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, despondent, invites correspondence from young man. Box 647-J.

PRESENTABLE, intelligent, unattached male, 52, desires any honorable position anywhere. Box 648-J.

NOT BORED, but somewhat lonely female, interested job, home, books, events, occasional jollity, invites youthful middle-aged male write. Box 649-J.

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PERSONALS

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FRENCH MASTERED! Essentials in 12 intensive lessons. New technique; NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

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WHY do they answer these things? Box 637-J.

WOMAN, professional, exceptional background; interests linguistics, arts, travel; vital, progressive, versatile, invites challenging correspondence mature male. Box 638-J.

MALE COLLEGIAN would write young lady musically skilled. Box 665-J.

MODERN-DAY WOMAN interested in correspondence with man who understands and enjoys life. Box 632-J.

TWENTY-FOUR foot square room atop 30 story tower. Circular stair access. Skylight ceiling, 24 windows around 4 sides. Panorama of Hudson, Ramapos, *East River, Central Park, Radio City, downtown* skyscrapers. Elevator to 26 floor. Office building, not for residence. Phone NYC, MUrray Hill 5-5448.

WRITER desires find companion spend February, March on beauiful West Indian Isle of Tobago. Share expenses. Box 652-J.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

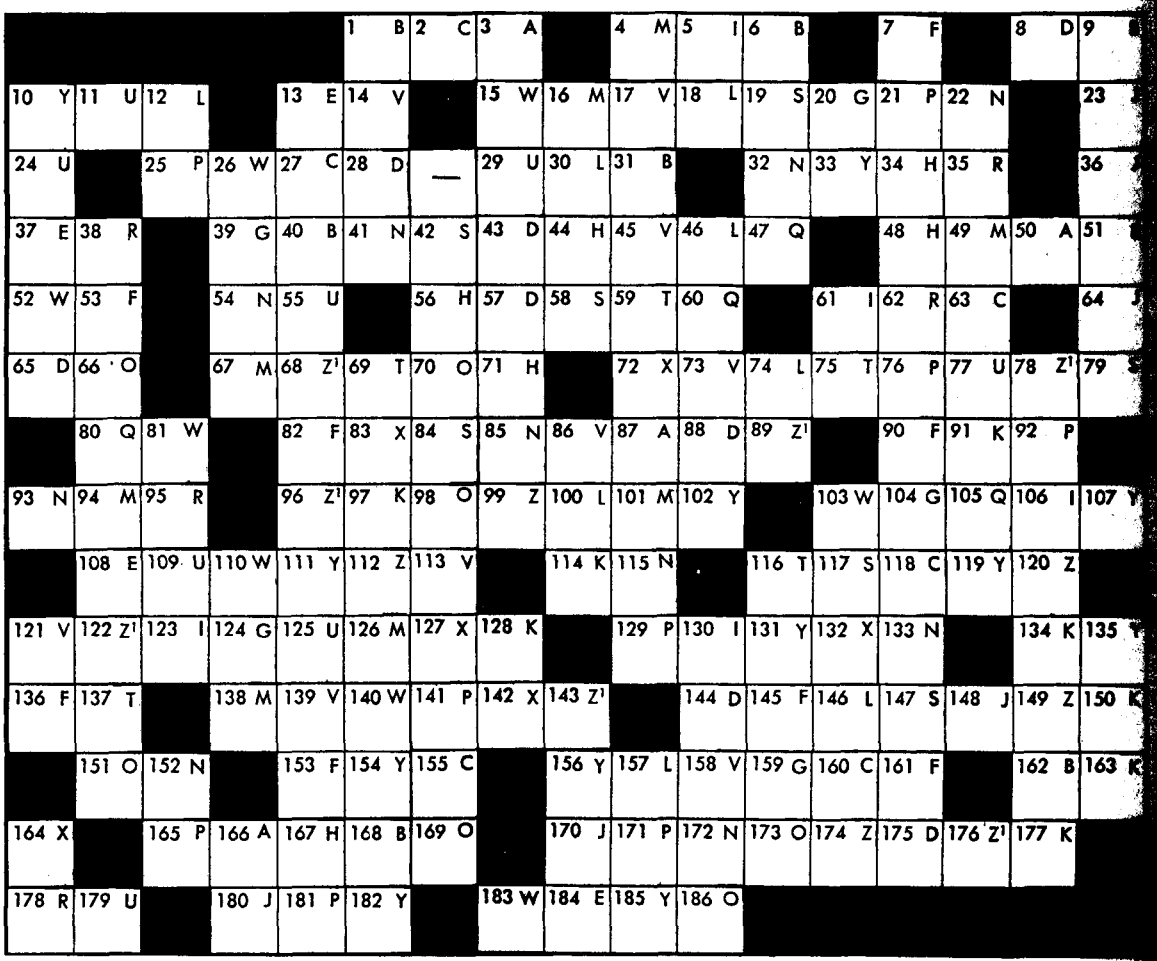
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A fairylike or elflike creature.	166 3 50 87
B. Stress.	51 40 31 9 162 1 168 6
C. British administrator, financier, and philanthropist, in South Africa (1853-1902).	155 2 118 63 27 160
D. County in England, source of the special food product for which a famous London Inn was called.	8 43 28 144 65 175 88 57
E. French painter, mainly historical scenes, "Magenta," "Solferino," etc. (1817-93).	184 108 13 37
F. Apostle chosen by lot to fill the place of Judas Iscariot (Bib.).	53 7 136 161 153 145 90 82
G. City in France noted as medieval center of tapestry manufacturing.	159 104 124 20 39
H. Comforts; invigorates; inspires; rejoices.	56 71 34 44 167 48
I. Chief object of pilgrimage of Islamic world.	130 61 106 123 5
J. A bright star in Ursa Major (astron.).	36 170 148 23 64 180
K. First Chinese graduate of an American university, Yale 1854, who introduced Amer. educational methods into China (full name).	128 97 91 177 134 114 163 150
L. One who sanctions a cause, opinion, etc.	100 146 12 30 18 74 46 157
M. Educator, author, critic, at Columbia University (1852-1929).	67 126 101 49 94 16 4 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Iron and steel manufacturing center in Ohio.	22 54 172 115 32 133 93 41 85 152
O. German dramatist and critic (1729-81; "Minna von Barnhelm").	169 66 70 186 151 98 173
P. Capital of The Netherlands.	165 76 129 25 181 21 92 171 141
Q. French illustrator and painter (1833-83).	47 80 60 105
R. Chief town, N. Togoland, British West Africa.	35 95 62 38 178
S. Valiant (now used with a hint of burlesque).	58 84 19 147 117 42 79
T. Appellation of "bob" for a maggot or grub.	75 59 69 116 137
U. A tributary stream.	77 24 55 11 125 109 179 29
V. Obliterated (2 wds.).	45 139 17 86 158 113 73 121 14
W. Told with confidence.	52 15 81 110 26 140 183 103
X. To transmit.	127 142 83 164 132 72
Y. Unpardonable; obligatory.	135 182 33 185 107 131 102 119 10 154 111 156
Z. Splendor.	99 174 112 120 149
Z'. Special business as the object of journeying (pl.).	122 143 78 68 176 89 96

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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YALE

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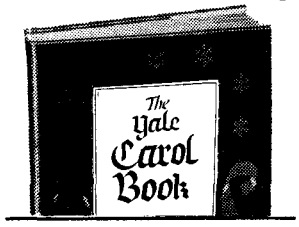

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